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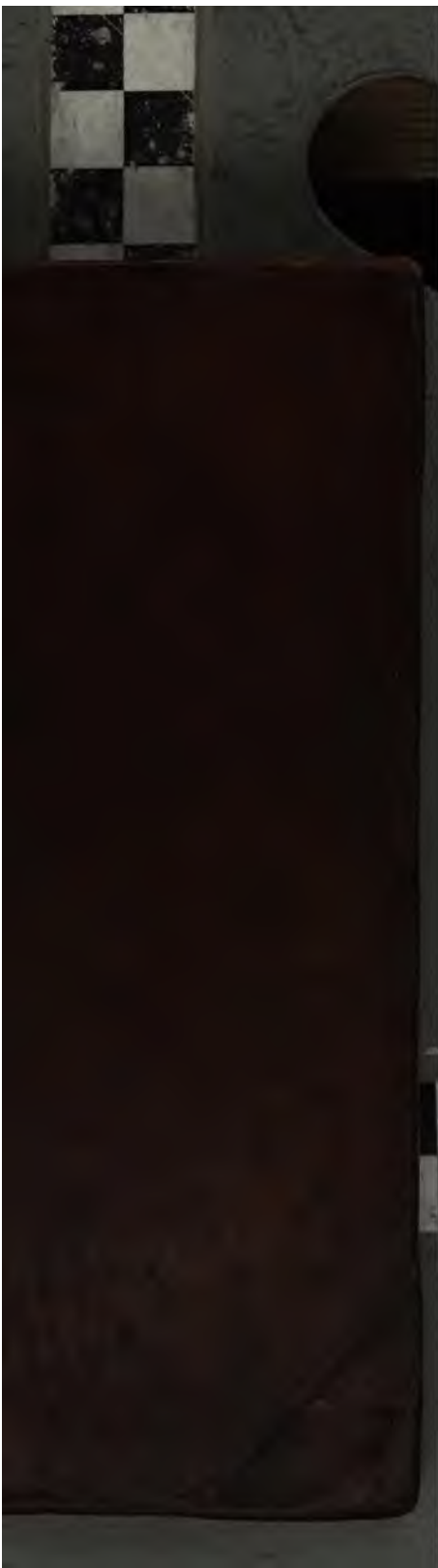
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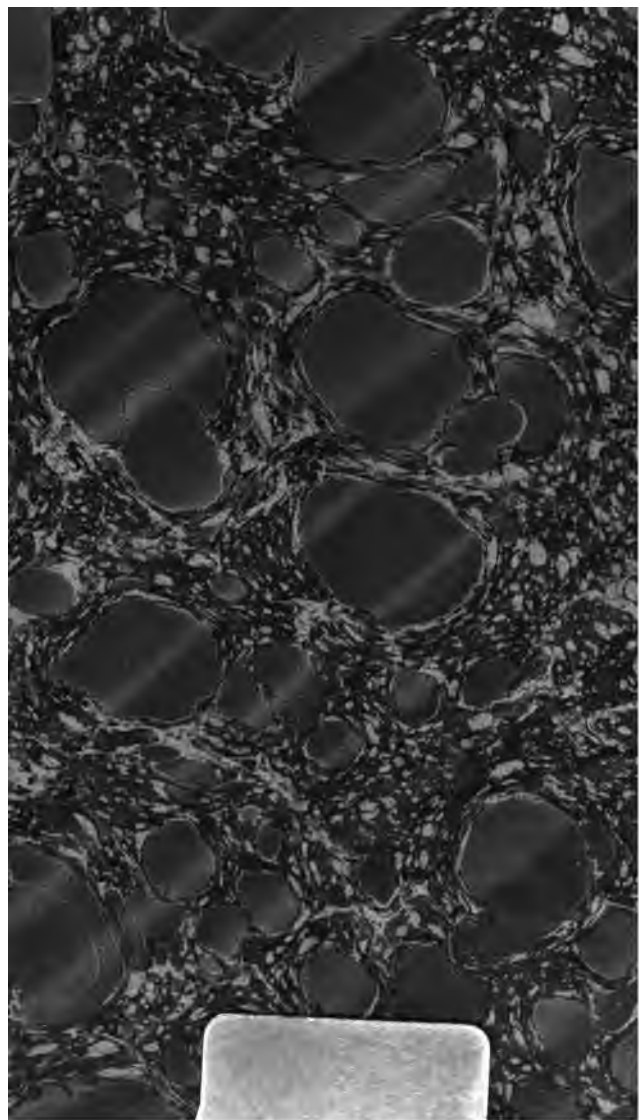
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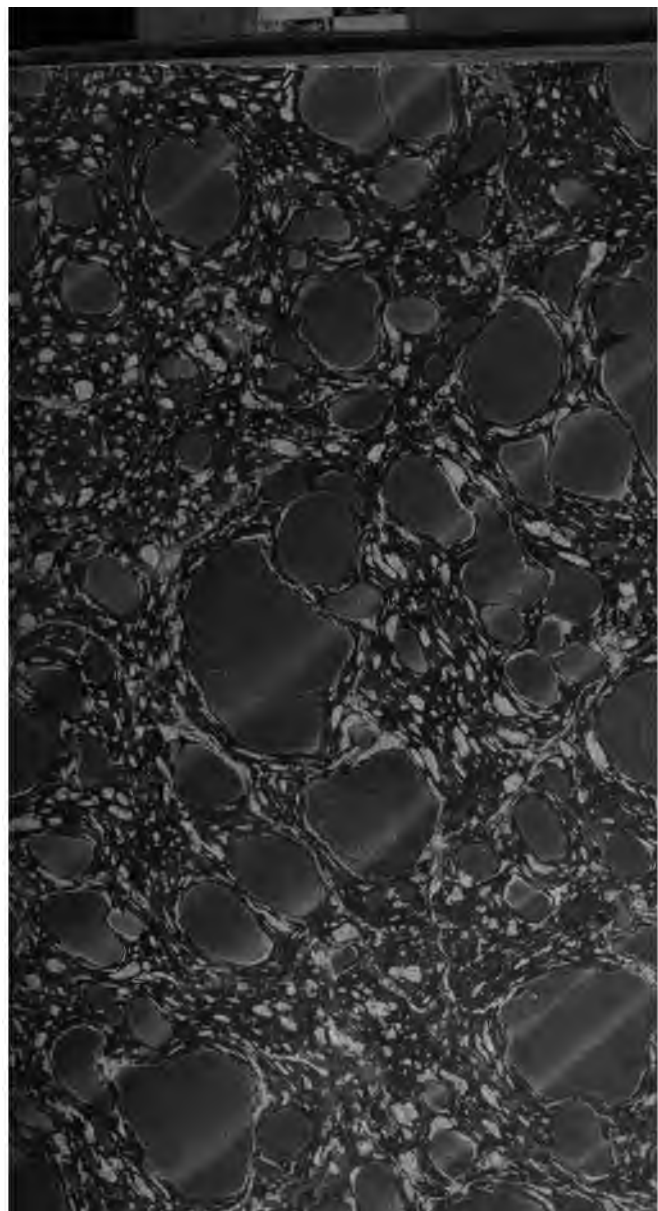
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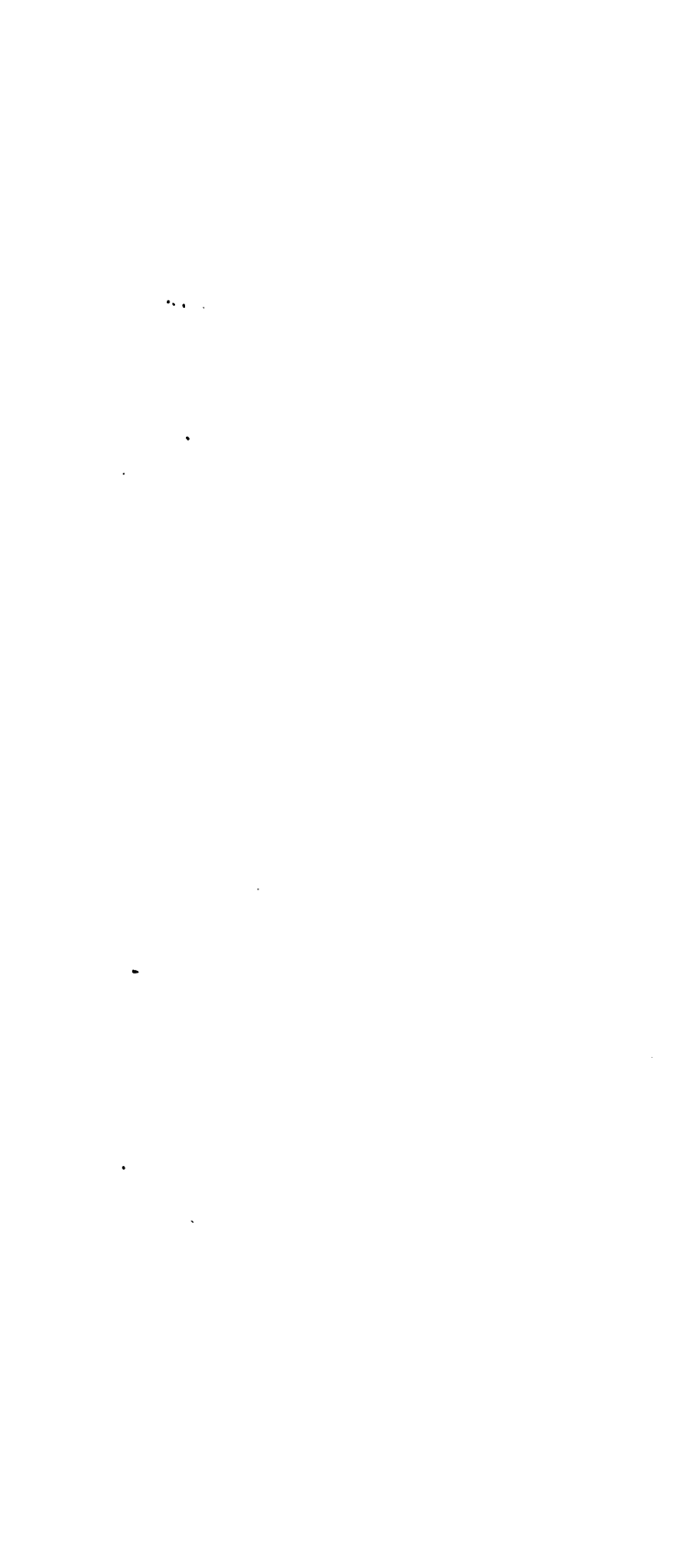
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*W. C. Harris, Esq.*  
THE

L I F E

AND EXTRAORDINARY

HISTORY

OF THE

CHEVALIER

*JOHN TAYLOR.*

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D U B L I N :

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OXFORD

# C O N T E N T S

OF THE

## FIRST VOLUME.

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T H E

THE  
L I F E  
AND EXTRAORDINARY  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
Dr. JOHN TAYLOR.

N A T U R E delights in the marvellous ; the moral, as well as the physical World abounds with the Strange and Wonderful ; every Country, nay, every Town, have their additional Stories of this Kind, the very Villages boast their athletic Heroes, and their rustic Bards, which they compare and poize against each other with much Warmth and Emulation. That stirring *Proteus*, called Ambition, will act its Part in the human Soul under a thousand different Marks. That restless Principle, which stimulates the Heart of Man, and goads it to aspire ; that Parent of every splendid Folly ; that inborn Pride will work itself to View, and shine among the coarsest Rubbish.

Not *Cæsar*, in his highest Triumph, was more elated, than is poor *Hobbinol*, perhaps, at a Country Wake, to whom his fellow Rustics have yielded up the Prize for being the best Wrestler, and breaking the most Heads : he gains the utmost Summit of his Wishes ; he stands on high amongst his Neighbours ; a Garland, or a Hat, so purchased, are to him a little Kingdom. His Horizon, like that of his subject Cattle, is but narrow ; and the Spot he feeds upon is all his *Empire* ; yet even there he would triumph.



This energetic Fire, when it kindles up a daring Spirit, must look abroad, must stretch itself at large; and, like a Comet, travel through the vast Expanse of Nature, visit every Climate in its Course, amaze the learned in its swift Career, and scare the ignorant with idle Terrors, wondered at by all. Such Appearances are sudden and unlooked for; they seldom come; and, when they do, all Nature seems too narrow for their Province; they rush with such Rapidity to public View, and draw behind them a Train of Things the most extravagant and strange, their Equipage of Character; where the grand and the ridiculous, the generous and the mean, the skillful and the rude, the good-natured and the base, the friendly and the perfidious, are all jumbled into one vast Coincidence of Extreams, that give Mankind an *Alexander*, perhaps, a *Charles* the Twelfth, a *Blood*, a *Creighton*, or a *Chevalier Taylor*, the matchless Hero of the ensuing Story, whose literal Exploits, founded upon Facts so manifest, so illustrious through all *Europe*, exceed, in Number, and entertaining Incidents, the most fertile Romance, that Invention has hitherto produced; a Character so complex, and so contrasted, no Age, perhaps, or Country has beheld. It looks as if Nature, in a playful Frolic, had thrown him out to the World, in order to shew Mankind how Reason and Passion, how Genius and Caprice, could counter-work each other within the human Mind, and mark out a moral Prodigy, made up of all Extremes.

Between the Hours of Eleven and One, on the Sixteenth Day of *August*, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Three, did Nature and the Midwife give our matchless Hero to the World; the Sun and his Mother being in Labour at the same Time; he travelling through an Eclipse, and the

in

in Travail of the illustrious Doctor, who at one Instant with the Sun, began to break out from Darknes, and, as the Parish Records testify, came into Light with him.

He no sooner began to distinguish Objects, than he expressed the greatest Aversion to all Spots, either upon the Garments, or Countenances of those to whom he came near. Patches, worn upon the Face, being then the Fashion, he often scratched them off, and sometimes brought the Blood along with them : nay, even then, he put some Eyes in Danger.

As he grew up he could not bear the least Spot upon Linen, China, or Spectacles in particular, which he often broke in his attempt to clean them. His Mathematical Master made him peep one Day at his Cotemporary, the Sun, through a good reflecting Telescope ; but the Spots he discovered there disturbed his Imagination to such a Degree, that it has been the Toil and Study of his whole Life to take them off, in order to which he has pursued him these Forty Years past, through all his Journeys, hoping to come up with him at one Stage or other, and there perform upon him an Operation, which would undoubtedly carry his Fame all round the World. But this, like some other points he pursues, seems to be a little beyond his Reach, but, to a Genius, nothing is impossible.

His Father was an honest Son of *Æsculapius*, a Man of Learning and Candour, in his Profession of Physick and Surgery ; but he dying before the present Doctor arrived at his Sixth Year, this Incident threw the Reins over our young Chevalier's Neck, and opened wide the Gate to all his future Glory.

His Mother was a careful, honest, good Kind of Woman ; she kept up the Business of an Apothecary ;

cary ; by which Means, she supported our future Hero, with two other Children, in a very decent Manner.

The young Chevalier, after having scrambled together some small Matter of Learning, stood as yet behind his Mother's Counter, in the Town of *Norwich*, where he had his Birth and Education. In this narrow Sphere of Action he remained some Time unnoticed ; but Obscurity and he could not long keep House together.

A rich old Quaker, within a few Doors of him was taken ill of the Cholic : Our young Artist is summoned to his Relief ; where *Tabitha*, the Quaker's new married Spouse, happened to cast a savoury Leer at our handsome spruce Doctor, than whom there was not a more comely Personage in all *Norfolk*. Lovers, like Angels, can talk by Intuition. A few kind Sentiments, exchanged in this silent, but emphatic Manner, soon opened the Congress to a more substantial Intercourse. In a Word, the Doctor administered to her in all Simplicity of Heart ; and frequent were the Cordials of his Love : but, alas ! no human Joy is certain. One fatal *Sunday* Morning, *Ebenezer*, who kept, it seems a separate Bed, came hastily into his Wife's Apartment, with no other covering than his Shirt, being suddenly stirred, no Doubt, with the Spirit, of Propagation, and then, and there, surprized the happy guilty Couple ; but the Doctor, in this infant Recounter, gave an early Specimen of that Address and Dexterity, which have so strongly marked the Character of all his future Adventures, he told the Quaker, with an Oath in his Mouth, and a Penknife in his Right Hand, that no Harm at all was intended by him, and that his Business there was only to cut his Wife's Corns : but the Quaker crying out Murder, the Doctor springs  
down

Dr. JOHN TAYLOR.

5

down Stairs at one Leap, takes short Leave at Home, and scampers up to *London*.

C H A P. I.

*The Reader, in the opening of this Character, will meet with the Embryo of our future History, which will enlarge itself as we go on, and stretch out it's Parts to a prodigious Size.*

OUR Chevalier now in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, arrives at the Capital, where he soon got behind another Apothecary's Counter, in *Cheapside*; and, with his Pestle, gave many loud preludes of his future Fame, which all *Europe* was one Day to hear. He rung his Mortar, that Prologue to a Passing-Bell, with such Elegiac Notes, that several Neighbouring Undertakers, together with the Parish Sexton, would often ask him to a Glas of Liquor, delighted with his Harmony; but a crabbed, ill-natured old rich Iron-monger, in the same Street, complained that his ears were torn to pieces by our Musician's Noise, and threatened to have him silenced by Authority; but the ingenious and humane Doctor *Green* (his Master's Relation) took his Part against the Alderman, bid him go on, and called him his *Tubal Cain*; and being struck by his lively Address, together with his very comely Person, he told the young Spark, he would have his Picture done by *Kneller*, then the reigning Painter of *England*; for truly the young Doctor's Mistress had a Mind to hang it in her Parlour, knowing the great Intimacy that was between Sir *Godfrey* and Doctor *Green*. *Kneller* had his Country House at *Whitton*, a Place about fourteen Miles distance from Town. The Doctor carries young *Taylor* down thither; he sits for his Picture, and diverts Sir *Godfrey* with his lively

## 6 THE HISTORY OF

Sallies of Humour, which made such deep Impression on the Spirit of his Disciple Mr. *Richard Eagle*, commonly called *Dick Eagle*, a Name well known in all the Registers of Enterprize, that he invited our stripling Chevalier into a strict Friendship with him, and promised to put him quick into a Capacity to spurn at an Apothecary's Shop.

The Doctor thanked him, and returned to Town, where he again regaled the Neighbourhood with his Melody, and went on in the same musical Manner about a Fortnight longer; but being sent one Day by his Master to visit a Patient as far off as *Bridges Street, Covent Garden*, at his Return thro' *Vinegar Yard*, into *Drury Lane*, he was accosted out of a Garret Window by his worthy Friend Mr. *Richard Eagle*, who, calling him by his Name, asked him to come up Stairs, for he had something to tell him: Up he goes; and there he found with his Friend Mr. *Eagle*, a grey-headed gaudy-dressed old Gentleman, in Company with a flustered Bawd, and two ragged Bunters, each of whom had a black Eye.

There stood upon a Stool a full Bowl of Punch. *Dick Eagle*, at his entering the Room, whispered something in the old Gentleman's Ear, who immediately drank to the Doctor, shook him by the Hand, nay, squeezed it in a very particular Manner.

*Dick Eagle* began a Song, or rather a kind of Interlude, called *Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window*, which he acted with much Humour and Address. He set the Doctor and the old Gentleman a laughing very heartily. The Bawd and her Pupils were now vanished. *Dick* put the Glass about with some Vigour: he filled lustily to the young *Hippocrates*, who, not being accustomed to deep Drinking, found himself strangely exhilarated;

rated ; and taking *Dick* by the Hand, in the Honesty of his Heart, called him his Friend, and what would he not do to serve him ?

*Dick* drank his Health in a Bumper ; and nodding at the old Letcher, slipt down Stairs, leaving the young *Æsculapius* and Sir *Francis* together, who, sitting closer to the Stripling, put into his Hand a Purse, with Gold in it, which he begged him to accept of, as a Mark of his Regard for him ; and then proceeded to some Singularities, which alarmed our young Chevalier strangely ; who could by no Means guess at his Design : but the old Villain becoming still more and more explicit, the Doctor, in a Rage, called him Scoundrel, knocked him and the Stool, Punch Bowl and all to the Floor, which made such an Earthquake, that it soon brought *Dick*, the Bawd, and her Pupils, into the Room, who in great Dudgeon asked, if he was going to rob the Gentleman. —

Our hot Hero drawing the old Man's Sword, drove the Wenches out again, and in the Scuffle wounded *Dick* in the Leg : then bouncing down Stairs into the Street, with a bloody Sword waving in his Hand, he scampered along *Drury Lane*, leaving his Hat, Wig, three small Vials, and a large Clyster Bag behind him.

The People thought him mad. In his Way he encountered the worshipful Mr. Justice *Vaughan*, who lived then in *Bow Street*, *Covent Garden*. He stops and disarms our frightened Fugitive, asked him with much Earnestness, what was the Matter ?

Young *Taylor* related to him at large the whole Affair, which he did with such Colourings of Truth and Honesty, that the sensible Justice made no Scruple of going back with him to the very Spot where the Thing happened ; and promised him all the Redress imaginable.

## 8 THE HISTORY OF

So back they marched, the Justice now bearing the bloody Sword in one Hand, and the frightened Youngster in the other, followed by Curiosity in the Shape of a gaping Multitude.

They are now arrived in *Vinegar Yard* : the Justice mounts first, the Doctor at his Heels ; his Worship entered the Garret, like a broken-winded Jade, puffing and blowing, and holding both his Sides. He no sooner saw the old Son of *Sodom*, who had by this Time, stuck a Piece of brown Paper, steeped in Vinegar, to his Eye, than he cryed out, as fast as Breath would give him Leave, Fye, Shame, Sir *Francis*, now I am sure the Lad spoke Truth—a Man of your Years—but the Law shall—and you, you pimping ignominious Rascal, for such a rancid old Goat, and Girls onoo, shocking Scoundrel ! Go fetch a Constable. Your Leg, you Pander, I wish it was your Guts—O Scandal ! an innocent Country Lad ! your Money shall not save you, Sir *Francis*.

The Barber was busy now about *Dick Eagle's* Wound, but, hearing of Law and Constables, he left his Patient in a Panic, who bled so fast, that the Justice ordered a Surgeon to be sent for ; and, leaving a Guard over *Dick*, he sent Sir *Francis*; and the Bawd with her three Pupils, to the Gatehouse ; then calling a Coach, he put the young *Celsus* into it, who had, by this Time, gathered up his Hat and Wig, Clyster Pipe, and Bottles ; the Purse *Dick Eagle* had secured.

The good Justice set him down at his Master's Door, in *Cheapside*, to whom he related the whole Matter, and told him, that the Lad must certainly prosecute them.

Mr. *Brady* thanked his Worship very kindly, and said, the Boy should attend him when and where he pleased.

The

The Justice took his Leave; and young *Tubal* began again to ring his Mortar.

His Mistress was much alarmed, and took on mightily: it was to be sure a vast Misfortune to be handsome,—the Monster did not hurt him,—shocking Wretches!—she'd see them get to *Tyburn*,—*Jack* was handsome to be sure,—Aye, he should swear—Here, take this Glass of Sack—Come, drink it up—Lord! how I tremble!—Oh! the filthy Monster! Here, take another I tremble so—he did not hurt you, *Jack*,—I am all I don't know how,——My Hand,——Come, *Jack*, here's your Health,——Feel me, how I shake with Anger.

*Jack* was not so dull, but he soon saw that all this was leading to a certain Explanation; but People calling in the Shop, he made his Bow, and got behind the Counter. His kind Mistress still followed him with her Pity, and cursed Sir *Francis* from her Heart.

Mr. *Brady*, being an able Surgeon, as well as Apothecary, spared no Cost to procure Subjects for Dissection. He often trafficked at *Tyburn* for Bodies, which he used to place at his Table, like living Guests, in order, no doubt, to make such Objects familiar to his Pupils, who are apt to be startled at the appearance of dead Bodies.

The first of these Gentry, to whom our fresh Man was introduced, put him into such a Fright, that he started, turned pale, and a cold Sweat hung upon his Forehead; which his kind Mistress wiped off with great Tenderneſs, and said, her Husband was a barbarous Man, for frightening the poor Youth in such a cruel Manner.

So he grew worse, was put to Bed, his Mistress followed him, and, by one kind reason or other, brought him to himself again. So he returned his Acknowledgments at that Time, is, we confess



## 10 THE HISTORY OF

a little in the dark ; but her Countenance, at coming down, expressed no Marks of Disappointment.

He soon scraped an Acquaintance with these Culprits defunct, and made a happy Progress in the Study of Anatomy ; he grew fond of it to a Degree, and often went, with his Master and Fellow Pupils, to dig up Bodies, in the neighbouring Church-Yards, at Midnight.

In one of these Excursions, it seems, that some Friends of the Party interred had Notice of their Design, and waited to prevent them. The Person, whose Remains were that Day committed to the Earth, happened to be a swaggering *Irish* Beau, who dyed, for the Good of his Country, at a noted Place near *Paddington*.

Half a dozen lusty Boys of the Sodd were determined that he should keep his Lodgings unmolested, until he had a lawful Summons to get up, and march off with the rest of his Neighbours. They swore it was a cruel Case that a Man should be torn out of his Grave, and scattered about the World, from Place to Place, in such an unchristian Manner ; it was a Breach of Hospitality, which the living never met with in *Ireland*, let alone the dead ; and, by Heaven, *Shillaly* \* should try Titles for it.

One of them, being a Priest, observed, that the Atoms of *Pbelim O' Byrn* would, by that Means, be dispersed throughout the Universe, and lost in the common Mass of Matter ; or, what is still worse, says he, his Catholick Clay may chance to be mixed with Heretic Mortar, and help to build up some damned Presbyterian Meeting House, which, by *Jesus*, would grieve his very Heart in

\* A Cant Word, in *Ireland*, for an Oak Sapling, from Wood there of that Name.

Purgatory : Consider, says he, at the Day of Judgment, when People will be all in such a Hurry, and every one striving to be foremost, before poor *Pbelim* can gather himself up again, half the World will get to Mount *Calvary*, and *Pbelim*, perhaps, may be punished for Contempt of Court ; so that it is, Gentlemen, a Principle of Conscience, as well as Honour, to defend his Remains from these nocturnal Vultures : And so to Work they went, and laid about them lustily, Priest and all.

The Master Surgeon left, upon the Field of Battle, his Cane, his Hat, his Great Coat, and his Sword ; the rest of his Band were dispersed several Ways, and hotly pursued by six stout *Sbillaly* Plants, which, as Father *Tedy* observed, had then no Time to grow idle.

Our young Chevalier, being by much the most active of his Troop, took to his Heels, with the loss of all his upper Garments, except a Waistcoat without Sleeves : his Head Cloaths were missing, which Retrenchments helped to make him visible, in a Summer's Dawn, at some Distance. He flew to a House, upon a Hill Side, about half a Mile to the North East of *Pancrafts* Church Yard, for that was the Field of Battle. He was attracted thither by a Light he saw in one of the Windows, though it was then about Two o'Clock in the Morning.

To the Door he came, and, with all the Pathos of Impatience and Fear, begged, for Pity's Sake, to be admitted ; swore he was pursued by Robbers, who had stripped, and abused, and now were going to murder him.

A Casement opened, and a soft Voice asked him, Who, and What he was. He repeated his Story and Intreaties, with so much Energy and Persuasion,  
that

that they, with his beautiful Person, soon prevailed upon the Door to unlock.

In he went and there he found half a Dozen jolly Fellows sitting round the Remains of an almost expiring Bowl of Punch, a Libation to *Hymen*; for, truly, there was a Wedding. They all stare at the half naked Doctor: He repeats his Tale, with Terror, in his Eyes.

Scarce had he finished, when a dreadful Thunder, with loud Oaths and Menaces, was battering at the Door. He cries for Pity's sake to hide him in the Oven, under the Brewing Pan, or any where; when, lo! a good-natured elderly Gentlewoman in her Night-Gown only, opens gently a Parlour Door, who, seeing the sweet Countenance and genteel Shape of the distressed Petitioner, she said, with Tenderneſs, 'Come, come here, Child, I'll hide you safe; the Rogue, ſhan't find you here.' So ſaying, ſhe took him by the Hand, and led him to an inner Room: She made him creep under a Bed, and bid him not ſtir for his Life, till ſhe ſhould call him.

By this Time the canonical Captain and his Troop were entered, and demanded the ſacrilegious Villain, who had taken Shelter here.

The Centinels, doing Duty at the Bowl, were too far gone to diſpute the Matter, ſo yielded at Diſcretion; yet ſtill denying that any ſuch Perſon was under that Roof.

The good Gentlewoman begged to know what the Matter was; upon which the Priſt, Father *Tudy* by Name, gave them a ſhort, but full Account of the whole Buſineſs. Said he was ſorry to diſturb any Neighbours at their Merriment; 'but, ſays he, a Crime of this Nature, I think, ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed.'

'Is

‘ Is that all, cries one of the nocturnal Soakers ?  
 ‘ If the Dead only have Cause of Complaint in  
 ‘ this Matter, the Affair, I believe, must lie over a  
 ‘ few Terms longer : It is certainly the Business of  
 ‘ a foreign Jurisdiction ; and at the Day of Judg-  
 ‘ ment, and not before, the Parties shall have a fair  
 ‘ Hearing. In the mean Time, fill up the Bowl,  
 ‘ and let us drown all Animosity.’

So said, so done, Father *Tedy* and his Friends began to quench their Resentments apace : they listened to Reason with a pure good Will ; but one of them, a Kinsman it seems of the deceased *Phelim O’Byrne*, began to weep at the Remembrance of their former Friendships and Adventures. Upon which Father *Tedy* commanded him to refrain, adding, at the same Time, that nothing was so *equivocal* as a Tear ; inasmuch, says he, as it may proceed from the Extremity of the different Affections of either Grief or Joy. *St. Cyprian* has it, *Lachryma*, &c.

The antient Lady entered heartily into the Controversy of the Glafs, and recommended Unity and Good Will. She said, it was Pity so handsome a young Gentleman as they denied Quarters to, should meddle in such odd Frolicks : but, added she, perhaps he is some Surgeon’s Prentice, and thinks he was doing no more than his Duty. She was sorry they refused him Admission.

Why really, says Father *Tedy*, if that be the Case, I should not be against receiving him upon Terms of Penance, since it is from the Intention only that we are to form an Estimate of the moral Good or Evil of any human Act, the Intention is every thing, and the Agent is no more than a mere Machine in the Case. The Intention is every thing, Gentlemen.

No, Sir, answered a Person in a Grazier’s Coat, who sat like *Hogarth’s* Priest, predominant at the Bowl

Bowl, there is something more wanting to make up one of your Sacraments. Due Form, due Matter as well as requisite Intention: for, I find, you are one of the Pope's recruiting Serjeants here in *England*; and let me tell you, Sir,——

Here the antient Lady once more broke in, and begged that no difference about Religion or Politics should hinder her bringing the young Gentleman into Company, provided it were agreeable to the Majority. To which Father *Tedy*, willing to drop the Subject readily agreed; and answered for himself and Companions, saying, Madam, if the Gentleman be really here, pray introduce him immediately; it will be very pleasing to us all.

Up sprung Dame *Kitely*; and with a joyful Voice, cried out, Come, Culprit, come from your Hole, you Rogue you: what asleep! where are you, ha? neither in the Bed, nor under it?—By the Lord, Gentlemen, he is gone; and what is still worse, the Bride is gone too: aye, here the Sash stands open; was ever such an accident! O Mr. *Milksop*, your Bride is gone: what will your Mother say?—Sure no Harm is done! For Heaven's Sake, Gentlemen, get up and pursue, and bring back this gigling silly Girl. No Harm, I hope, has happened.

At this the whole Company, Bridegroom, Priest, Parson, and all were in the Fields in a Moment; but, alas! the Scent by this Time was quite cold; and Half the Pack at least were not only at a Loss, but lost themselves; some staring, some reeling, some gaping between Wonder and Surprise, not knowing what to say or do; others were busy about the Bridegroom, who had tumbled into a Ditch, half choaked with Mudd and Filth; where we will leave Father *Tedy* and the Parson busy to tugg and pull him out, and follow the Bride and *young Chevalier*, who had got, by this Time, as  
far

far as *Gray's-Inn-Lane*; he in his Waistcoat, as before, without Headcloaths, and Miss *Jenny* in her Gown and Under Peticoat, where the Watch, in their Hospitality, made Provision for them in the next Round-house,

Here the stripling Knight Errant encountered his old Friend *Dick Eagle*, who was his Senior in that Academy, two whole Hours at least, and was led in, like him, with a Lady under his Protection, whom he had purloined that very Evening from her Husband; a Man of Credit and Consequence in the *Town of Kingston upon Thames*.

It seems he, *Richard Eagle* by Name, had prevailed upon her to borrow from her Husband, without his Knowledge or Consent, some few Trinkets of Value, which, together with her Person, amounted to a certain Charge well known at the *Old Baily*, by the Name of Felony.

The Doctor no sooner saw *Dick*, than he cried out, Hah, you Scoundrel, have I met you here at last? Is this your *Roger came tapping*, your gouty Sir *Francis*, you pimping Son of a Whore: a common Pimp is a Prince to you, you Whipper in of *Sodom*. I have heard enough of you, you Rascal.

Hear me, hear me, dear *Jack*, says *Dick*, the Fortune was the Thing I had in view. What, replied the Doctor, on such damned Conditions?—O you Scoundrel, how like a Thief you look? To which *Dick* answered, If we may judge from Appearances, Sir, your Aspect is not the most Orthodox in the World. Pray, Sir, why so disincumbered: where's your Tunick, your Quois and Castor: methinks the Lady too was a little in Haste; her Drapery is but thin; mere Gauze indeed. The Climate is warm. I warrant you your whole Contour is somewhat questionable. Pray  
tell

tell the Constable and the Jury what you know of this Matter.

With that the Company burst into a loud Laugh, and offered the Lady a Glass of Gin to comfort her, which she kindly accepted of.

Oh, oh, says *Dick*, I see that Miss is, indeed, a Whore, and the young Doctor her——

What, you Rascal, answered *Jack*, is your Leg got well again? Then knocking up his Heels with great Dexterity, down comes *Dick* at his full Length whap upon the Floor. His Length was not extraordinary; so springing up very nimble, a Battle ensued, where success hung doubtful; for *Dapper Dick*, though not near as tall as his Antagonist, had the Advantage of a good Education at *Hockley in the Hole*, and managed his Knuckles with such Dexterity, that the young Doctor had near enough on't.

But now the Prince of Darkness proclaimed a Peace, which, with some Reluctance, was at last obeyed.

The Constable then desired the Doctor to give a short, but true Account of his Adventure, which, indeed; he did, from the Beginning, with great Exactness.

But, says the Constable, how came you to press the Lady into the Service, with such Precipitation?

*Jack* answered, I was no sooner got under the Bed, than I heard something stir upon it, and a Voice at the same Time, which uttered these Words; Damn me, what Frolick is this, to put the Booby under the Bed; I think Mrs. *Giffon* is got into her Tantrams: then, stretching out her Hand, My Dear, says she, come into Bed; there's enough of these Frolicks: leave the drunken Sots together. I must confess my Fears gave way; I could not resist so kind a Call.

Mills

Miss soon found her Mistake ; and Things were ~~now~~ so far gone, that there was no Remedy but going on farther.

In short, Matters went so well, that she agreed to get out at Window with me, and leave the Milksoy her Husband to wear the Willow, and be damned. It was a Match of Mrs. Gibson's making, for Ends of her own. She did not care if the Devil had the Priest, and the Bridegroom too. Mrs. Gibson, she said, lived at the lower End of *Little Queen Street*; kept an Academy, and she was one of her Pupils; but meeting with an Accident, in the way of Business, she retired to Mr. *Milksoy's* for her Health; where he thought proper, truly, to fall in love with her; which tender Passion of his through Mother Gibson's Assistance, soon ripened into Matrimony; but she liked me much better for a few Nights than him. She did not care if the Devil had them all. Here stands the Lady, let her deny it if she can.

Not I, by Heavens, says Miss *Jenny*; but I wish I had my Cloaths again.

By this Time his worthy Friend Dr. *Green* was arrived; for *Jack* had sent him Notice how Matters stood. The Doctor soon settled with the Constable; equipped the Chevalier with some Covering; Miss *Jenny* was taken Care of for the present; *Dick Eagle* and his Damsel were sent to *Newgate* for further Examination; and so the Court broke up for this Time.



## C H A P. II.

*In this Chapter an Incident of a striking Complexion begins to lay open and explain the Text of our intended Narrative. The Reader will quickly see more of it.*

**O**UR Doctor went on in the Improvement of his Pestle and fine Person. The Harmony of the one, the Appearance and Address of the other were audibly and visibly in the Increase. He now began to look down upon the Undertakers and Sexton, the Parson himself vouchsafes to be his Acquaintance, and often asked him to his House, nay even the rigid unmusical Ironmonger began to soften his Severity; and, by the Help of a little black Wool stuffed into his Ears, our loud sounding Syren had by Degrees less and less Influence over his litigious Temper, till at last he could (as the saying is) sleep like the Smith's Dog under the Anvil, nay snore after Dinner, though then the medical Peal was in its highest Paroxysm.

But Chance, or Fortune, or Luck, or what you please to call it, would not suffer this *Fiat Lux* to be longer shut in from the world. He had, like his Brother the Sun, his Race to finish, and a gigantic Race it was indeed.

It often happens, that the smallest Springs give Motion to the largest Bodies, the slightest Causes bring the greatest Effects to Birth.

Lo! Miss *Jenny*, among the Multitude of her Experiments, could not forget some certain agreeable Incidents which happened on her Wedding-Night near *Pancrass*; they were working in her Memory every now and then; and sometimes they struck the Organs of her Fancy.

As

As all Excellence is founded in Relation, and Things are good and bad merely from Comparison, she could not but give the Preference where it was certainly due: And *Jenny* thought herself a Judge; yea, she was frequent in her Visitation to the young Chevalier, but not in *propria Persona*; no, she came accoutred in his own Coat, Hat, and Breetches; the two first of these Father *Tedy* had bestowed on Mrs. *Gibson* as Trophies of the Field near *Pancrass*, the other under Articles were supplied by *Jack* himself, in order to carry on his amorous Project. She came as a young Spark, who stood in need of the Doctor's Help in certain Parts of his Profession. The Doctor administered. The Cure went on as a Palliative only, for the Patient often relapsed.

*Jack's* Mistress, about this Time, began to take sharp Notice of his Doings. She watched him close, and thought she spied something odd in the Behaviour of his Friend and Patient, something that sent her Fancy back a roving to *Vinegar-Yard*.

Sir *Francis*, *Dick Eagle*, and the Lord knows what, *Jack*, and his Patient, used to go up into a back Room two pair of Stairs high, in order to examine and compare Things together. Where, one unlucky Day, the Devil, in the Shape of Curiosity, prompted the Household-Dove to follow up, and peep through a Chink. What was her Astonishment? she screamed, she clapped her Hands, she cried out, The Villain *Dick Eagle* hath undone him——Oh Husband! Husband! your House is cursed——Mr. *Brady*, *Sodom* and *Gomorrab*——O you smock-faced Villain! Such a hellish Prank, and I at Home too! Oh *Jack*, *Jack*!——But *Newgate* shall——

Her

Her Husband now came running up, *Why*, what the Devil Madam's here? You'll frighten all the Parish!

O the filthy Creatures, Husband! What a pocky Case!—a Fistula perhaps.—

The Devil's in the Woman. Is the House on Fire? What's the Matter, *Jack*?

I'll tell you, Sir, says *Jack*, and springing, at one Leap, he cleared the half Pace, then down he ran, and in a Moment reached the Street, leaving poor *Fenny* in her Masquerade, to act her Part as well as she could. He had an Uncle at *Hoxton*, near *Moorfields*, who lives in the same Spot to this Hour: To him he ran and told his Story.

Miss *Fenny*, in the mean while, was on her Trial. Mrs. *Brady*'s Evidence was point blank. The Judge was going to pass Sentence, but *Fenny* begged a Moment's Respite, desired to speak a Word in private with Mrs. *Brady*, where she soon discovered the naked Truth. She is sent to *Tottle-fields* to take the Air; where she ruminates sadly over the Hempen Block, and curses from her Heart her nuptial Night near *Pancrass*.

### CH A P. III.

*Matters now begin to grow serious, and put on an Air of Consequence. The Story begins to look like Business. But let us go on.*

OUR Doctor is kindly received by his Uncle, who advised him of all Things to return to his Master.

No, says the Chevalier, that can never be. I feel my Heart enlarge itself. Something tells me, Uncle, that I shall, one Day, make the World admire me. I'll ring no more the Mortar. I have

have another Part to act. Assist me to appear in proper Colours. A Fortune I shall make, Sir. The Ladies will observe this Shape and Person. A Mien like mine to stand behind a Counter !

In short, his Uncle equipt him in the Habili-ments of a young Physician, just going to open the Campaign ; a large ty'd Periwig, a Suit of Sables, Scarlet Cloak, Cane and Sword, &c. &c.

With these medical *Insignia*, and his fine Person, now in the Bloom of Youth and Spirits, out he sallies and feels a secret Pride exulting at his Heart ; his Pulse beats high ——— a Fortune ; a Coach and Six were ever present to his Fancy. Another *Quixot* with as warm a Frenzy, but a much more pleasing Countenance.

He had not long pursued his Adventures, before he was struck by an agreeable young Lady, who had, it seems, more Merit than Fortune.

Love is the first and most powerful of all Beings, Ambition, Avarice, and the rest are but Lackqueys in his Train.

The Doctor pays him Homage. The Match is made at Blind-man's buff, and he is married. But, alas ! the Honey Moon is melted down—his Fever is abated—he begins to stare about, and wonders where he is. He finds out, by Degrees, that a little Cash might have made his Yoke much more agreeable : But that was too vulgar an Enquiry for him before Marriage, and was, now alas ! a fruitless one after it.

He had got into Debt a good deal, and had no Wife's Portion to pay it with. His Mother however supplies him with several Sums, from Time to Time. But she soon found that the Doctor could spend more Thousands than she had Twentys : Notwithstanding she let him have one Sum more ; the last he was ever to expect from her. She gave him thirty Guineas to open his Way into St. Thomas's

*Thomas's* Hospital as a young Surgeon, where that excellent Artift *Mr. Cheselden* then presided; from whom *Chevalier Taylor* received the first Rudiments of his Art as an Oculist, and to whom he was afterwards an Honour.

Being now come to Age, he took Possession of his Mansion-House, as he called it; but to his great Surprise, he found it mortgaged by his Mother, in order to defray the Charges of his Education. He sells it for two hundred Pounds, promises his Mother her Moiety of that Sum; which, thro' Hurry or Inadvertence, he forgot to perform. And, in his great Generosity, he gave his younger Brother a Shilling.

A fine Shop is now preparing at *Norwich*. Drugs are sent for from *London*, with an Apparatus for cutting for the Stone; Midwifery, &c. &c. Fine Furniture was not forgot. But, before the elegant Doctor could open in form, he was attended with more Creditors than Patients. Cutting for the Stone he soon laid down, as his first Attempt in that Way proved unsuccessful, though the Process was allowed by good judges to be well pursued.

The Doctor as yet unhackny'd in the Ways of Men, had great Regard to his moral and professional Characters, notwithstanding a few family Slips. Midwifery he had not long pursued, having it seems, a greater Propensity to make pregnant than to bring forth; as the first Operation, he said, was absolutely necessary to multiply the Species; whereas, in the other Case, Nature offendid her own Business, without any Assistance from Art.

Though the Doctor had, at this Time under his Tuition, several genteel Pupils, who brought him in a round Sum; yet his profuse Way of Living, in less than six Months, drove him into Sanctuary, where he remained, till his Creditors could be prevailed

vailed upon to sign a certain Instrument, called a Letter of License.

During his Retirement, he got, by way of Amusement, two Wenches with Child, while his Wife was busy abroad in conciliating his Creditors. One of the Girls was brought to-bed about a Fortnight before the other; when he found it no small Difficulty to give Security to the Parish-Officers. He persuaded the other, after her Lying-in, being now upon the verge of a Decampment, to put on Boy's Cloaths, attend him as his Page, and fly off with him to *Holland*; which she did. But an Accident there discovered her Sex, which obliged the Doctor to send her packing Home again, the Laws in *Holland* being very severe against such Masqueradings.

The Doctor however, broke the Ice, (as the Saying is) in this Country with some Success. He restored to Sight the Daughter of a rich Jew, which the Faculty had given up as incurable; for which Exploit he was very well rewarded by her Father. But the Doctor thought himself in Gratitude obliged to do something more for his Money. He laboured to clear up the Eye of her Mind, and by many feeling Arguments put strongly home to her, and pressed upon her, was making her a Convert to Christianity as fast as he could. But the Doctor's Zeal happened to be a little indiscreet: For the young Lady's Aunt overheard his Casuistry one Day as she went up Stairs, through the Means of a loquacious Bedsted; and being herself a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*, a Daughter of *Abrabam* in the right Line, she soon apprized the *Canaanite* her Brother, what kind of Missionary he had got into his Family.

Alarmed at the News, Old *Shylock* was for putting him to Death immediately. But his Wife, much more inclined to Mercy than he, opposed it  
by

by all Means, and advised to keep him in close Confinement, till an Opportunity of sending him abroad to the *East Indies* should happen, which must soon be, as several Ships were getting ready to sail in a few Days for that Country; and then, says she, he may be disposed of, without any Danger to us, or our Daughter's Reputation: To which Proposal, *Sbylack*, after some Difficulty, agreed; but added he, the Villain shall take *Abdes* every Day he stays here.

Now, whether the above Advice, given by the Wife, proceeded from Prudence, Pity, or any other moral or human Principle, is, perhaps with the Doctor himself, no small Matter of Doubt, since, by spelling and putting Things together, he has Reason to suspect that certain Motives of quite a different Complexion were the real Cause. But, be that as it may, our Occulist is now in the Dark himself, closely confined, where he fed upon the Bread of Affliction, and drank the Water of Bitterness for three whole Days together. On the fourth he saw Light, which, as *Milton* says, served only to discover Sights of Woe.

Lo! now three Olive-coloured, ugly Ruffians entered his Dungeon, with rueful Looks, and with Lamps in their Hands. They lead him down a back Stair-case, into a deep and dismal Cellar, where he saw the angry *Jew*, his Wife and Sister. He saw and trembled. When lo! a large capacious Copper Cistern stands ready to receive him. Thither the three Ruffians led him. Naked, as he was, except about the middle, where something like *Adam's* Figg-leaf did him the like Office, in they hove him, and turned at once upon him twenty Cocks, which, like the Cataracts of *Nile*, came rushing from above, below, and round about him.

Now, says the *Jew*, thou vile *Nazarene*! pump or drown. — There was a Pump, and, with Emulation

Emulation great as *Hercules*, the Doctor seized it. He labours now for Life—he counterworks the Cocks.—He cries aloud for Mercy : But *Shylock* told him if he loved Baptism, he had now Water enough to wash away his foul Pollutions.—He toils, and is a Match for all the Currents. And now the Smoke, like *Ætna's* reeking 'Top, ascends in Volumes from his Forehead. He keeps for once a Medium. His Comings-in and Goings-out are nearly equal ; it could not last—the Balance now is turned. How unlike his Coffers ! A Plethory prevails, and he is oppressed by Fullness—the Water rises as his Sinews slacken—they mount triumphant to his Neck. Ah ! there, says *Shylock*, should a Halter lodge. They reach his Chin.

And now the Wife cries out for Mercy. The Doctor is reprieved—they lay him at his length—they give him Breathing-time—they give him Gin—he rises—they lead him to his dismal Mansion. Three Days he underwent this watery Purgatory.

The fourth, at Noon, his Crime being now pretty well washed away, a small Collation waits upon him. He wonders much, and is refreshed. That very Evening he is carried, gag'd and blinded, to a little House near the Water-side, where he is again locked up, but is much better treated than at the *Jew's* : Here he passed a Part of the Night in no very comfortable Condition.

The Horror of his late Punishment, and the Apprehension of something worse that might ensue, sat troublesome upon his Mind. He has an eager longing after a Knowledge of Futurity—He wishes any Weight were thrown in, to sink the Scale of Certainty. For to him, in his present Situation, suspense, that neutral State, that neither



one Thing nor another, was much worse than the most positive Evil that could happen.

One Reflection still remained to comfort him, the Purity of his Intention, and his filial Integrity which prompted him to bring over Profelytes from all Religions to his spiritual Mother, the Church of *England*. This was the Staff on which his Virtue leaned. In this he found a Prop for all Afflictions. Nay, he looked upon himself, in some sort, to be a Martyr ; and was determined to persevere.

In the midst of these solemn Reflections, what was his Amazement, to see enter the Chamber, one of his Body-Guards, with a Sabre and a Lantern ; who commanded our Missionary to rise and follow him, without speaking one Word. The Doctor did so. He led him through back Lanes and narrow Streets, to where a Coach stood, at the Extremity of the Town ; then, pointing to him to step into it, he made his Bow and suddenly was gone.

The Doctor obeyed, and met in the Coach a gay young Chevalier, richly habited, who made a sign to him to continue silent. The Coach roll'd away with Speed ; and, when the Morning appeared, he found himself four Leagues from the City of *Amsterdam*. His Fellow-Traveller had been upon the reserve till now ; when, with the rising Sun, he revealed himself, and with equal Beauty shone upon the World. It was indeed the charming *Deborah*, the Doctor's Patient and enlightened Profelyte, that was her Name, the Jew's Daughter who had contrived this Method of Escape for her two-fold Physician. They embrace, rejoice—Oh such a Change of Fortune ! They whirl on to the *Hague*, with Design to embark for *England*.

*Deborah*

*Deborah* had taken Care to secure a large Sum, with Diamonds of great Value. They are arrived—took Lodgings.—Our Chevalier lived with his lovely Convert, who walked in her Disguise (of a young Gentleman of Quality) during their Abode in this agreeable Place.

It was the Doctor's Lot (whose Life must be chequered) to meet, at a Visit which he made to a Clergyman, his Friend, a renegado Friar, of the Order of *St. Dominic*, who, having fled from his Convent on meer religious Motives, came to *Holland*, to abjure the *Papists*, and embrace the *Protestant* Communion. The Minister, to whom he addressed himself, promised to apply to the Government in his Favour. He told him, the Doctor was an earnest good *Protestant* and an *Englishman*; to whom he might with great Safety, unbofom himself. He advised him to lodge in the same House with the Doctor, till his Affairs were settled. The Doctor invited him heartily to his Hotel, whither the *Dutch* Parson, the *French* Friar, and the *Ubiquitarian* Chevalier quickly repaired.

The Friar soon appeared to be a Gentleman of fine Taste and Learning, together with an Address and Politeness far above the Sphere of *St. Dominic*.

The Friar and the Doctor grew every Day more and more good Friends—they agree to set out together for *England*. The Friar was far from being poor. A Fortnight passed in this agreeable Situation. The handsome *Deborah* still making one of the Company, in Character of our Chevalier's Kinsman. Never did *Dr. Taylor* pass a more agreeable Interval.

The Friar, by this Time, had cast his Coat, and appeared in a brilliant Habit, which best became him. He sung, he danced, was witty, told

a Story admirably. He often amused himself with the Doctor's Cousin at a Game at *Chess*. He did every Thing with a Grace and Manner which spoke the highest Breeding, without the least Pedantry. He said, It was his Disguise ; for he expected every Moment to be pursued from *France*, as he was a Person of Family, and had renounced his Religion.

In short, *Deborah* and he exchanged one Confidence for another ; and, by unbuttoning a little, *Deborah* made no Scruple, at last, of letting the Friar into her whole Story. She begged his Advice and Assistance, which he gave, and promised her with great Gladness. They sat whole Afternoons together ; when the Friar, to divert his Anxiety, would make her some Tenders of Gallantry, not with any serious Intention to be sure ; but rather as an Exercise of his Faculties, and to dissipate the Lady's Chagrine. But the next Chapter shall inform you, how far his Philosophy was a Match for his Love, and what followed in Consequence thereof.

#### CHAP. IV.

*The Reader has now the Clue in his Hand ; and, without conjuring, may guess at what follows in this Chapter. But he shall know the Particulars.*

THIS friendly Traffick went on, it seems, with warm Success ; and refined itself into something more seraphic than meer Good-will ; or what the unfeeling Part of Mankind call Friendship. There was Sentiment it's true, in this Exchange of Kindness : But meer Sentiment is too cold a Commerce. The Pathetic and the Heart must

must be infused. The Friar himself explained it all; and put his Lesson into Practice with great Energy of Soul; nor was *Deborah* a whit behind in her Proportion; as the Chevalier himself, with some Emotion, was soon convinced of, at his Return from visiting his Friend the Clergyman; who charged him with some important Message to the Friar: For he was now pursued from *France*.

I say the Chevalier, coming to his Lodgings in great Haste, and stepping up Stairs to acquaint his Friend with what he heard, he there surprized *Deborah* and Father *Dominic* much in the same Attitude and Employment that Mrs. *Brady* had seen him and his Bride *Jenny*. The Doctor, no strict Votary to Virtue himself, felt upon this Occasion a kind of Resentment, that arose rather from Interest than Principle.

*Deborah* had got some Hold on his Affections and Gratitude, and the Friar on his Friendship; both which he found a little troublesome to part with at one Pluck. He was tempted to break open the Door for that was locked, and reek his Vengeance at a Blow. But Prudence this once put herself between him and his Passion. He fretted, paused, considered, and so went down Stairs again with full Resolution to tell the Parson what a hopeful Pair of Proselytes they had got in hand.

He no sooner turned the Corner of the Street, than he met with one *O' Farrel*, an *Irish* Gentleman then in the *French* Service, whom he knew formerly in *London*; where he healed up several Scars received by the Captain in the Wars of *Venus*.

*O' Farrel* embraced him with great Show of Friendship; and told him, There was a Countryman of his, an Ecclesiastic of great Distinction,

with whom he would make him acquainted ; and begged the Honour of his Company to dine with them that Day, if not engaged.

The Doctor made no Scruple to comply in hopes it might dissipate the Chagrin his late Discovery had occasioned,—So together they went to a Tavern, where they dined very chearfully, and drank a Bottle of the best.

O' Farrel, as he grew warm told the Doctor, he would acquaint him, in Confidence of his Friendship, with an Affair of some Moment ; not doubting in the least of his Advice and Assistance.

To which Taylor answered, say on, and never doubt me.

Then says O' Farrel, I am to tell you, Sir, that my Friend the Clergyman and I are come into *Holland*, in pursuit of a Gentleman, a Brother of his Order, who has unhappily eloped from his Convent. But that is not all, added the Captain ; he has carried off with him, a Sum of Money, and Jewels, of great Value, the Property of a young Lady his own Kinswoman : For indeed he is come of a very good Family. And this ugly Slip, says he, will be a great Disgrace to his Family, and his Order beside. I would give a good deal to hear of him.

The Doctor instantly smoked the Affair ; and asked them some leading Questions. Every Thing tally'd exactly. They drew the Friar's Picture to a Hair.

And now our Chevalier's Mind began to work. He held a Council within. There Jealousy and Resentment opened the Cause in Favour of O' Farrel and his Friend. They pleaded warmly. But, on the other Hand, Honour, Friendship and Gratitude would needs be heard too. They made  
some

come Impression; and the Ballance now was almost equal.

When *O' Farrel's* Friend, perceiving the Doctor's Suspense, told him with great Frankness, that he judged him to be more a Gentleman and a good Christian, than to refuse his Aid in so laudable an Affair, as bringing a foul Criminal to Justice: So saying, he pulled from his Finger a Ring of some Value, which he begged the Doctor would accept of; nay he put it on himself.

This was too much—this turned the Scale. And Father *Dominic* and Miss *Deby* were both missing the next Day. The Thing made a Noise.—The Parson, enquiring at the Lodging, was told, That the Chevalier went out in the Morning, but did not return as usual to Dinner; but sent a Coach in the Evening with an Invitation to the two Gentlemen to sup with him at a Tavern.

The Parson applied to the Government, who offered a Sum for bringing back the Friar; and ordered all the *Roman Catholic* Clergy in that District to be put into close Confinement, till Father *Dominic* was forth-coming.

The Doctor took to his Heels, well knowing that the Consequence would be fatal to him. He took Shipping with a good round Sum in his Pocket, and landed in *England*, with a Mixture in his Mind of Triumph and Remorse.

## C H A P. V.

*Here the Scene is changed ; and the Subject, it is hoped, will not be less entertaining in the Sequel.*

**H**E appears grand ; and made some Progress in his Fame for giving Light, with the other professional Feats : For he practised yet as a Physician and Surgeon.

In general he became more and more extravagant. He grew giddy with Success, and overshot all Bounds.—He is again brought low in Fortune. When meeting with a Mountebank in the West of *England*, he agreed to join him with all the Stock of Knowledge, Effrontery, Dexterity, Elocution and Address, which he had gathered up on the Con- and elsewhere.

No General was ever better qualified to take the Field, than was our Doctor to mount the Stage itinerant.

Bills were printed for the first Time, and handed about, those constant Postillions of his Fame, his Forerunners ever after ; to signify that a regular bred Artist, out of meer Humanity, had for the first Time, condescended to appear on high, for the public Good. He had prepared an elaborate and eloquent Oration, which Fate and a rainy Day hindered him from delivering. But as the Original is in our Hands, we will give it to the Reader in the Words that follow :

*The Mountebank's Speech.*

**T**HE Nature of Good, my worthy Countrymen, is to communicate itself. Good is a communicative Thing. Good is not selfish, or solitary. Good is no Good, except it is diffused.

Good,

Good, like a Dunghill, is good for nothing, till it is spread about; and for the Matter of that, no more is a heap of Gold itself.

This Remark the Banker and the Husbandman will judge a good one. The Miser may perhaps put in his Exception; but my Lord *Bacon* and the Gold Finder will both tell him; that he lies. And, what is Gold; or even Dung itself, a much more useful Commodity? I say, what is either of them; or both of them, when they are compared to the Manure of the Mind? when they are compared to Knowledge, to saving Knowledge; such saving Knowledge is the greatest Good of Mortals? Gold and Dung, are Creatures of the Earth; Knowledge is the Child of Heaven. A Thief may steal the Gold, and Farmers carry off the Dung; but, Gentlemen, no Thief, but Death, can rob you of your Knowledge.

Knowledge is your own; a Treasure within you; which can never be made less by sharing it with a Friend.

That's another Point, in which it stings your Gold. He that has Knowledge, and will not communicate, is the worst of Misers. Knowledge is the Food of the Mind, and the Medicine of the Body.

But, must a Man of Skill, therefore, keep a Preacher's or a Chemist's Shop; sit still and expect his Neighbours to come in with their Money and purchase by the Pound? No, Gentlemen, a Man of benevolent Parts, who loves the World, must go abroad, must travel with his Ware; not like a fat old, rich Brazier, who sits behind his Counter exchanging his Dross for real Gold. No, Sirs, but like an honest Tinker, who trots about from Place to Place, who rings his Brass, and brings the Bees together. He can mend the

C. 5.

House.



Housewife's leaky Kettle in her own Sight and Hearing; and her Husband too may see him do it. —

Parish Parsons are lazy Fellows. Once a Week, indeed, they open House, serve up the same old-fashioned Mefs, and all the Country far and near, must come to hear them forsooth.

The trading Justice is another sedentary Rogue, who leans upon his Elbow in his Office, and makes the Bible do the Devil's Work.

The Apothecary, Gentlemen, is a Knave, who keeps his Poison in a Heap, and makes it still more rank, by lying long together.

The Mountebank, my Friends, or travelling Leech, he gives his Medicines Air; they travel with himself, for Health; and what they gain by going about they give.

The Mountebank's the Man of saving Knowledge. He'll keep no Shop neither, like the Preacher, Chemist, Brazier, Parson, trading Justice, or Apothecary, these local, lazy Weeds, that fatten and rot upon the Ground they cumber.

The Mountebank is like the Tinker in his Trudge, the Judge upon his Circuit, the Bishop in his Visitation, the Doctor in his Country Call, and *Whitefield* in his Province. —

The Mountebank, or Travelling-Doctor is like the Sun, the Patron of his Art, he shines out far and near; he blazes as he travels.

Publick Spirit, among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, was reckoned the highest Virtue. The Person who possessed that noble Quality, was called a Patriot.

A Man might be a Patriot, in those Days, without stirring much abroad. If he travelled to the Town-House, from some neighbouring Street, and there got up upon what they called, a *Rostrum*, or something made of old Ships Rudders, and  
talked

talked an Hour or so, about Corruption, Liberty and the King of *Parthia*, his Work was done at once; the Alderman was dubb'd a Patriot, and all the Neighbours worshipped him. How cheap was Honour purchased in those Days? In latter Ages the Thing was better understood, when the princely Fashion of Knight-Errantry first prevailed in the World. Then did the true publick Spirit kindle up the Souls of Heroes, pious Sons of Hardyhood and Honour, to sally forth in Defence of Innocence oppressed and injured Virtue, forsaking all for Honour's sake, and wedding as it were their Virtue to the publick Good; not like our modern Militia, who grumble at losing sight of their own Dunghills. These Gentlemen bid farewell to all domestic Allurements, Forests, Heaths, enchanted Caves, and Castles, Giants, Rogues and Robbers, and all the Instruments and Powers of Darkness; with these they waged incessant War, in spite of Hunger and Cold, in spite of Toil and Danger, in spite of broken heads and broken Ribs, they still rode on triumphant; they were Honour's true Apostles; nay they suffered Martyrdom in fighting for that Goddess. The renowned *Quixote* will inform you more.

What think you then, Gentlemen, of us who stand before you in this exalted Light? What think you, Sirs, of me who trampling on all Temptations, to sit still spurning at Wealth and Grandeur, Distinction and Applause; who, I say, in spite of all this, have made myself a Footstool of these very Motives, in Order to raise me up to this exalted Station?

I am now the tallest Man among five Thousand. I look down upon you all, but it is with the Eyes of Pity and compassion for your many Ailments and Infirmities. My healing Dews shall soon descend upon you. My Medicine, like the Manna

in the Wilderness, shall fall in Showers around you, and restore your Peace.

I am the Man of Knowledge, mentioned as above, who scorned to sit at Home, and deal it out in Scruples.

I am the communicative Man, who gives it to his Friends in Handfuls. My Manna I spread about, my Gold I circulate; my Virtue shall revive you, my Knowledge shall preserve you:

I am your Champion in the Cause of Health. I trample down the Dragon called Disease. I pull out his Sting and send him soon a packing.

No Hospital shall stand hereafter, with Charity on the Face, and Knavery in the Heart. No Lazar-House, these Sores of Honesty, shall hence infect the Land; and rob the Purses of the Public to bolster up the Lazy, and the Ignorant. No, Gentlemen, these Citadels of Fraud shall soon be scattered.

Behold the Bullet that shall demolish them. This Pill; this mighty Pill, when shot from the Artillery of my Knowledge, shall lay them all in Rubbish.

This Bullet shall destroy that Python the Apothecary, and Health and Honesty shall sing afresh through the Land.

This Pill shall counteract *Pandora's Box*, and drive away all physical and moral Evils; that is, Gentlemen, all Disease and Doctors. No *Rock* shall then remain; no *French Distemper*, no Pill, or Drop, excepting mine, shall soon be heard of; no glittering Equipage to dazzle vulgar Eyes; no boisterous Eloquence to stun their Ears. This little Pill shall do the Work in Silence. It is a World of healing Virtue, a Globe of salutary Good; nor need you dig into its Bowels for the precious Balm, it is all but one continued Virtue unmixed, one pure Elixir unalloyed, the Surface  
and

and the Center are the same; it is a Universe of Good, the true Catholicon of Man.

Let no Horrors henceforth hang upon the fierce Embrace of rapid Lovers, or damp their extatic Joy with Apprehensions of the foul Disease. This little *Nostrum* is your Sword and Buckler; this shall beat down every *French* Antagonist. This is your *Palladium*. This precious Shield was dropped from Heaven. This Heat-stone of the friendly Atmosphere.

*James's* Powders are not more potent in their Province, that Foe to Fevers.

But mark me, Sirs, this little Pill is like the King of *Prussia*. It is a Match for many. It resembl-eth, in its Power the Rod of *Aaron*. It swallow-eth up all other Medicines and Diseases too. It is in that respect the Gulph of all human Care.

Consider then, my Countrymen, had I sat still at Home, and kept this mighty Secret to myself, what would become of the bulk of mankind? One City, or Town, perhaps had reaped the Benefit of this amazing Medicine, a Medicine of more Utility to Mankind than all the Longitudes, and perpetual Motions in the World. I say, this inestimable Pill might then have rendered immortal a Parish or two. Perhaps that is the narrow Circle of my own particular Customers, whilst all the Sons and Daughters of *Adam* besides, were left a Prey to Apothecaries, Quacks, Disease and Death. Ah! what a dreadful Consequence must have followed such a local Cast of Mind in me. But, Thanks to Heaven, my Dwelling is the Universe.

The World's a wife Man's Home. What a Wretch were I, if the Love of Money, or the Love of Ease had fixed me, like a Pump or Pillory, to one sordid Spot! No, Gentlemen, a strong Philanthropy had seized my Heart. I look-  
ed.

ed abroad with Pity on my Kind — my Bowels yearned on the human Race. In short I sold off all, joined with Dr. *Green*; and here I stand before you, in the Prime of Youth and Vigour, with all my Faculties of Mind and Body in their utmost Prime, at their vertic Point of high Perfection: Every Thought and Sentiment, every Joint and Member I consecrate to publick Use. Myself, and all I have, I dedicate to you.

*Alcides*, in his Time, was such a Man as I am. His Knowledge, Courage, Virtue, Strength, his Club, and all were offered to his Country's Service. He travelled far and near, and made the World the better for him.

*Æsculapius* himself, the Father of the Faculty, was a Sort of Mountebank: He went about, it's true, on Foot; nor is it fully clear, that he mounted any Stage; Tradition there is something doubtful. But he went about, he culled his Simples, and he milked his Goats, administering as he went from Town to Town; nor did his Dog remain behind him. He dreamt not of a gilded Chariot, or a shining Fee; nor was he warmed by a chymic Fire. He never heard a mortar ring in all his Life. A Clyster-Pipe was then as little known as Printing.

It is a Doubt among the learned, if ever *Æsculapius* felt a Pulse, or not. In this they all agree, he did not cure a Clap. *Æsculapius*, Sirs, was nothing if compared to me. And let me speak it out, the breathing tribe of all his present Sons this little Pill shall supersede. The Faculty shall fall, and Funerals shall be scarce. The Sexton, in Despair, shall throw his Spade aside, and dance about with Bear and Fiddle. The Parson shall feed on Christenings and Weddings. The Wedding Music and the Morning Drum shall oft be heard; but seldom, seldom shall the Passing-Bell  
athwart

athwart the evening Concert toll, and mix Mortality with Music. The Undertakers then shall all turn Dancing-Masters; and Doctors play upon the Pipe and Tabor. Their moral Caterers, the just Apothecaries, shall fling their Gallipots upon the Dunghill, sell Salloop at Corners, to Shoe-blacks, and to Strand-Walkers; or open Cook-Shops in Porridge-Island, Vinegar-Yard, and Long-Ditch, Westminster; instead of Pills and Drugs, to dress up Beef and Cabbage for Carmen, and for Porters.

Oh! what a Falling-off is this! How many Volumes then shall greedy *Vulcan* swallow! What *Katicans* of medical Report shall then be silent? How poor Hypothesis shall bleed? I speak to you the Attorneys of the Faculty, you Clyster-giving Tribe: I see you grin with murky, lowering Looks, with meagre, cloudy, gallows Faces; your Chariots shall come down; you'll foot about again in sultry Weather, and turn the Tallow in your Faces to red. You'll give good Pennyworths in the Strand again; that's the Market for Salloop.

How Gueſs-work now shall go to wreck! How hoar Credulity shall drop her Looking-Glass and Spectacles, and grope about for something certain! How vain Authority shall then look blank! when Learning urg'd by Truth, shall open but her musty Roll, and fling the stale commission, by some few Exceptions, in this general Wreck. — Merit, immortal Merit, makes Sages, that are Proof to Fire; whose Books are incumbustible, and only with the World shall burn.

I see the Hand of pure, impartial Criticism cull them from among the Heaps of Tinder, just catching at the Flame, and place them high upon the same Shelf with *Bacon*, *Lock* and *Tully*, with *Addison* and *Plato*; these Authors are but few who escape the fiery Trial, the *English* ones I mean; and *Foreigners*, I fear, are fewer still; the  
Names

Names I think are, *Sydenham*, *Freind*, *Wellwood*, *Garth* and *Mead*; these of former Times. The present Sons of Practice are equal in their Claim, and shall live as long as they did; that is till they die. But then their Works shall stay behind them, and look as fresh as theirs at Doom's-Day.

Let me see, in this Hurry, none but First-rates will be visible. O, aye, there's *Hulse* and *Heberden*, sagacious learned *Nugent*, and my lively Name's sake *Taylor*, a polished little Gem; these may go on out of meer Decency, while they chuse; but the Business drops with them. They must not propagate.

What a wonderful working Pill is this! — The Doctors and the Water-men shall be useless soon alike; the one, when the new Bridge is built; and the other, when I have got my Patent. Why, I shall drive these Fellows out of Fashion, as the Musquet did the Bow and Arrow. My Bullet here, this little Pill, is worth a thousand Archers. These Sons of *Phœbus* shall shoot their Shafts no more against the Moon, and wound the Patient's Pocket.

My honest Battery is levelled at the whole Alliance of all human Maladies. Down they go, at one invincible Broadside. What need so many Ways to dispatch poor *Toruser*, since one will do?

Brevity in Business, Gentlemen, is the Life of Trade. What Statues, Sirs, what Columns shall be reared to me! But not at *Spaw*, at *Bristol*, or at *Bath*, nor yet at *Leyden*. My Trophies shall ascend in Cities full of Luxury, where riots Joy, where *Venus*, *Bacchus*, and the Muses make their lov'd Abode, where Pleasure reigns unsoil'd by Care, and Mirth and Fancy sweep the gay Horizon; that is, they'll like me better at St. James's End of the Town, than at *White-Chapel*; at *Arthur's*, better than at *Lloyd's*. Though now

of late, as Things have taken a Turn, 'tis hard to tell the Courtier from the Pedlar; the *Exchange*, forsooth is like the Drawing-Room, though a little aukward in the Copy, as once the As would imitate the Spaniel. When Tradesmen's Wigs are hung with empty Bags to them, I tremble for their Heads and Pockets.

Should old Sir *Thomas Gresham* animate his *Gothic* Statue, and look from thence upon his metamorphos'd Acre, he would bless himself, and think, that all *America* had sent her mimic Tribes to practise Counting House Congees, where *Walsingham* and *Burleigh* used to meet; for they would mix with Merchants. Merchants are the Pillars of the State, robust and plain, the *Tuscan* or the *Doric* if you will. Their Office is to stand abroad, to bear up the Weight of all the incumbent Palace. The soft exuberant, *Corinthian*; or the Harlot decked, wanton, proud *Composite*, should rank for idle Ornaments within, and not support. Tear off ye Sons of Traffic, these gaudy good-for-nothing Trifles; give them back again to *French* Lacquies, to Fencing-Masters, to fifth-rate Players, to Opera Things. Let not a Citizen be seen to wear them. Let the Citizen rejoice in this. This is his Shirt of Mail, his Shield and Buckler in the Walks of *Convent* Garden, his *Viaticum*, his Antidote, his Safeguard in that Episode of Peril.

This Pill, this single Pill is worth a Plumb on the other Side of *Temple-Bar*. The aldermanic, sober Merchant, with this Preventive in his Pocket, may visit the Exchange in *Bow-Street* without an oil'd Surtout; He may traffic in all Weathers, and take *Jenny Douglas* at her Word; nor need he dread a Quarantine at Home. No Family fasts on that Account. Inestimable Pill! It is Love's Insurance-Ticket, given out at *Cupid's* own  
Fire.



Fire-Office. It is an Amulet. It is a Miracle of Military Virtue, at perpetual War with every Thing that gives Disease.

How the Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout and Cholic, with all the veteran Phalanx, and the light-armed Troops, the whole chronic Camp, with every black Battalion, shall lay their dreaded Banners at my Feet, and beg for soft Conditions; but Hah! this envious Rain seems to take their Part, and is indeed their old Confederate. But let it deluge on; not all the Elements, with Luxury combined, shall stand against this Pill; nay, not all the Faculty to aid them, and their destructive Equipage to boot.

But the Rain, I see, will scatter us. It may prevent my Eloquence, but not my Art. You need not fear a Cold; here is your Riding-Coat and Boots. But still it comes down faster. The Prince of air has Notice of my Pill, and takes this Method to prevent its Virtue; it is like his antient Pranks. Some Conjuror has set him on. Aye, it thunders too—it is Time to go—I have got no Shield against Lightning. That Laurel is to spring. Hah, hah, that flash came near my Whiskers. We must break up. There's a Rattle for you! How it rumbles round the hollow Cieling! Another big Broad-side—down I come—'tis Time to house—it spoiled my fine Oration but my Pill is dry.

Farewel, my honest Gentlemen and worthy Friends. Remember what I have said—This Storm has broke in upon me—We'll meet again on *Saturday*.

## C H A P. VI.

*Here our Incidents are shifting Time and Place continually; which will afford a chequered Tale indeed. But the Reader will not take our Word, I hope.*

**A** Gentleman of the Faculty, in that Neighbourhood, had the Curiosity to find who this regular Adventurer could be. He meets the Doctor, and discovers in him so much real Merit, that he persuaded him of all Things to check the Ambition which spurred him to ascend the Stage. And finding Necessity was as much in Fault as the Doctor's Inclination, he generously lent him a Sum of Money to set up once more with, and rescued, by that Means, our incomparable Artist from the Brand of a common Mountebank.

Here he stood his ground about sixteen Months, as Physician, Apothecary and Surgeon. But meeting with a Farmer's Daughter at a neighbouring Village, whom Mr. *Chefelden* had restored to Sight, it had the same Effect upon him that the Statue of *Alexander* at *Rhodes* had upon *Julius Caesar*; his Soul distended at the Sight — he felt the God within him — he kindles with the Love of Glory, sells off his Shop and Surgeon's Implements, that vulgar Apparatus; he pays the Gentleman the Sum he lent him, and with the few remaining Pieces sets off in a Coach and four, very early in the Morning.

He commences Oculist solely, renouncing all Commerce with any mechanic and degrading Professions, as he called them. He writes a Treatise upon Cataracts, which was soon republished, and dedicated, in a very pompous Stile, to the late Queen.

He

presently his Body is inverted, his Heels are drawn up to the Cieling, and his Head now pointing to the Center, when lo! a large Cedar Reservoir is thrown open very near his Nose, and stirred up from the Bottom by a Dozen reeking red hot Pokers. Reader, imagine what savoury Exhalations must ascend; it stupified his earthly Senses.

Overcome by such excessive Odour he hung intranced. All Marks of Life were fled, seeing, hearing, nay smelling are to him, but Things indifferent; so totally abstracted was his Sensorium.

The Fiends relent, they let him down at last. He lies motionless a-while, with staring Eye-Balls and with lolling Tongue.

They let in Air. He returns unwilling to the hated Light. He breathes, he groans, he snorts, he cries out, Murder. The Watchmen, to whom he is now consigned, take Possession of the fumigated Doctor. They bear him to the Round-House.

One Comfort still among his Sufferings stuck by him; his Money, Watch, his Diamond Cross and Ring were all safe. They were, indeed, a little tarnished, and suffered, like himself, a sad Eclipse. He took Snuff immeasurably, and cast about his aromatic Essence. Nothing could sweeten his polluted Fancy. The Cedar Chest and fiery Pokers were still reeking in his Brain. He wished for the *Dutchman's* Cistern and all its rushing Streams. His Imagination stunk. Not all *Arabia* could perfume that Box. The Watchmen, nay the Gold-finders now stand aloof; no human Nose could bear it. Nor is even this the worst Indignity: *A bad Name*, as *Solomon* says, *is worse than forty Fumigations*; there, alas! it stung him. No Friend, no Medicine but Despair.

*O Taylor!* yes, there is a Medicine, there is a Friend at Hand; *Dick Eagle* is at Hand, with broken

ken Fore-head and with blackened Eye; for he has boxed with *Paddy Crysty* the College Scull, who came athwart him in the Paths of Pimping; *Dick Eagle* is at Hand—How Friends will meet! They stand, they stare, they stink together; for *Dicky's* Galligaskins were dishonoured. Affliction makes Men Friends. They gaze again with Grief and Wonder.

In *Dicky's* Face the Rascal was predominant amidst his Woes, and claimed a Kind of *Tyburn* Piety. He hung his ignominious Head depressed by Guilt, and all his Looks proclaimed the Scoundrel—The Doctor burst out first, for he had less of Blame: O fatal Meeting! the last was in a Round-House: How escaped you *Newgate*—the Furrier's Wife from *Kingston*, Sir *Francis*, *Sodom*, setting your own House, Baron *Pengelly*? but I forgive you all—the Storm has cast us on a Rock. O, *Richard Eagle*, let us now be Friends, and Friends they were, a Coach is called, the Watch are paid, but *David Dove* will find out all To-morrow.

At *Dicky's* House they stop; it was an hospitable Door; he comforted his Friend; the Doctor in Return explored his battered Orb, and pours in lenient Medicines. It was a House of fair Reception, where twenty Beds at least were standing. Such was *Dicky's* Taste of Hospitality, magnificent and like the Manner of the East. Yea there were in it Damsels of a pleasing Hue, such as *Dicky's* wealthy Friends would oft vouchsafe to visit. In that it differed from the Mode of *Persia*; for here the Sexes met at large and trafficked. Yea it was called Love's Exchange. The good Town were sometimes smuggled; for Wives and Daughters were often asked for at *Dicky's* Door, here the Doctor lay; and *Dicky's* Eye grew better.



*In this Section we are resolved to let the Story speak for itself, and shall not give a Bill of Fare at all.*

**B**UT Fame, that tatling Pest, was now abroad. The Fumigation rose like Incense at the Altar of Detraction, grateful to the Nostril of the sneering Faculty, but to *David* and *Jenny Dove*, eternal Triumph. His Gall was gratified. To work he went, with Malice boiling over; and now a Print appears, where, dreadful to behold, the fatal Process is at large displayed. There hung the Doctor with his Heels aloft. The Pokers here and Close-stool were at work, the putrid Essence in a Cloud ascends, the Furies stir up all its Malice, the dismal Lamp glimmereth sadly over the Scene, and underneath, alas! were Verses—What Cellar, what Stall, what Garret, or what Bogg-house hath not seen the Picture?

Philosophy herself was here abashed, and even Fortitude turned pale. No Comfort but the Cordials of his Friend, I mean of *Mr. Richard Eagle*, now was left him.

He sung, he danced, he played, and now and then, by way of soft Relief, he brought his Friend a Whore; the Face he brought was always new, for *Dicky's* Flock could then afford it.

Thus shut in a whole Fortnight from the Sight of Men was the Doctor. But *Dicky's* Eye grew better; he beats about, he dines with *Humphry Gibbet*, Esq. There he saw the fair *Linnetta*, her Feature was alluring, her Eye was waggish, and her Voice was Rapture.

*Dicky's* Soul had fastened on her, and General *Pay-well* has a Mind to see her. The Trains are set; the Snair is fixed; *Linnetta* now improves her

Notes

Notes at *Lazars-bill*, and *Humphry Gibbet* is almost run mad. Revenge has Eyes like *Argos*.

*Linnetta's* Cage is now no more a Secret, and *Humphry Gibbet* is resolved to have her back. He comes at Midnight with a Band of Ruffians, Sons of *Belial*; Swords, Pistols, and other Instruments of Mischief were not wanting; these were chosen Men of *Humphry's* own Battalion.

To *Dicky's* Door they come, and soon find Entrance, the Servant is corrupted.

With Torches, and with Vizors, on they marched up the Stairs. They stand, they listen, for now a gentle Earthquake seems to shake the Floor, the Factory was all at work, a Dozen Beds at least were jogging. Zounds, what's here, says *Humphry Gibbet*, the Forge of Propagation? Sure all the Sledges are at work, the *Cyclops* at their Anvils. O damn me, Sparks, I'll spoil your Sport; where is this Prince of Pimps? where is this Villain *Eagle*?

Not here, not here, cries out a frightened Parson in his Pannic, and leaps upon the Floor—nor here, a ghastly aged Lawyer on his Knees cries out, take Pity on my Years; I did not shake the Rafter. Black Rock Water! nothing now will do. Here, here's the Villain *Eagle*, and here's *Linnetta* too, and here is Doctor *Fumble*, and Major *Trailpike* with his shaking Head, and *Circumflouterous* with his algebraic Mien. Was ever such a Nest of Sinners? Drag out that Rascal *Eagle*. Oh, here he is, an't please your Honour. I have him; call the Porters; get the Blanket ready; where's the Frying Pan, the Horn and Fiddles?

Lo! now, Reader, beginneth the Apotheosis of Mr. *Richard Eagle*. A frosty Night it was; the northern Bear bit very close. Lo! *Richard*, in his Shirt is led, or rather carried into the outward Court, beneath the spangling Vault of Heaven, where every angry Star was witness.

Four big-boned, sturdy, ugly Villains, with Vizards on, stood facing one another at right Angles, in an oblong Form, holding each the Corner of a Blanket. With both their Hands they held it, and often shook and stretched the elastic Mantle.

*Dick* beheld his Fate and ten-fold trembled. What Wonder, since Frost, and Fear, and Shame, and Rags, and Spight, were warring now within, without, and round about him.

The Doctor could not help him, and *Humphry Gibbet* is inexorable—Toss in the Scoundrel, toss in this Pimp and Poet; keep Time, my Boys; strike upon the Pan and Fiddle; let the Horn have Wind. Up he goes; he springs off finely; keep Time, the Music and the Blanket—that Stroke was well—he pukes—he springs again, at either End he gushes; send him to the sublime, and knock his Head against the Stars—What an Anticlimax!—how far he squirts it! that Bounce for Lady *Linnetta*, that for Mrs. *Lindsey*. O the lofty Pimp Pindaric *Dicky*! how he soars all this while!

The Doctor at the Window saw with Sorrow, but could not help his Friend. The Fumigation came a-fresh in his Mind. But *Dicky's* next Accident happening to be near the Wall, the Doctor, stretching out too far to catch him, fell at once upon the Blanket in a close Embrace with *Dick*.

They broke their Passage through it on the Ground; on the Ground they lay; they wallowed in the Filth, for *Dick* had vented much.

The Doctor now is bruised. In *Dick* no Sign of Life remains, but his Manhood still is visible. Amidst these Shocks of Fortune, which added Firmness, and with inborn Pride it looks aloft, and glories in its Sufferings—*Humphry Gibbet* saw and wondered.

The Music now is silent, and Mr. *Richard Eagle*, by *Humphry Gibbet's* Order is wrapped up in the

the broken Blanket and carried to his Bed, where the Doctor administred to him, and brought him by Degrees to his Senses.

Mean while *Linnetta* is carried off in Triumph by *Humphry Gibbet*, but not without Companions. Each Hero had his Nymph, which thinned not a little this Family of Love; the Parson, Lawyer, and the rest, were glad to scamper off with whole Bones.

The Morning came at last, but no joyful Morn to *Dicky*. The Remembrance of what he felt; for he remembered Part was painful to him. He told his Friend, that, after a Bounce or two, he was like the Thieves at *Tyburn*, who lose all Sense at the first Swing; for so one half-hung *Smith* had told him; for he knew not of Puking, or what else he did.——

O Doctor, Doctor, give me but Revenge. My Girls all vanished! *Linnetta* too! Oh fatal Trade of Pimping! What Bastinados are thy Due? but Virtue must endure.

Thus complained the afflicted Mr. *Richard Eagle*; for Shame for once had struck him. He durst not stir abroad. The Mob had got him in the Wind.

The Doctor grew more bold, he sallied forth, his Friends were glad to see him; they resented his Abuse, and compelled the College Sparks to make Atonement in Public, and to beg the Doctor's Pardon. He mounts again the Rostrum, performs surprizing Cures, gets Money in Abundance, visits *Dick Eagle*, drags him from his Hole.

*Dick* appears; but, like the Bat, by Glimpses in the Evening. A Blanket is his Bane. He trembles when he sees one.

The Doctor had now increased his Reputation and his Purse considerably. He takes a Trip to *Cork*, the second City of the Kingdom.



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On the Road he meets with his evil Genius *Dove*, who had nailed, on the outside of his Chaise, the Prints of the Fumigation as Marks of his own Malice, and the injured Doctor's Confusion. The Chevalier resents the Insult. He challenges *Dove*, and a Duel is at Hand.

C H A P. VIII.

*It is to be hoped, in the next Episode, that the Reader's Breath and Patience will not fail him, as he is like to dance through a Masquerade of very motley Adventures, and some considerable Duration.*

*The Adventures in the Inn.*

IT happened that some young Officers, on their March to *Cork*, were bating at the Inn when the Dispute arose. These sparkish Heroes, under Pretence of calming, kindled up the Quarrel. They divided into Parties, and ranged themselves into mock Battalia; for two were *Doves*, and two were *Taylors*.

They played the Part so well, that an Excise-man and an honest Parson thought they meant to tilt in Earnest, and went upon their Knees to beg for Peace; but Things were gone too far. The Partisans of *Dove* had wrought his courage up to such a Height, that nothing less than Sword and Pistol could appease him. There must be Blood; for *Dove* it seems, had been a Soldier, and in his Youthful Years had fought against the *Nabobs*; the Seconds now are going to Logger-heads about the Choice of Weapons.

The Doctor seemed still a Friend to Peace; but *Dove* had hector'd and behaved so rude, that his Spirit could not brook it; Death before Dishonour; so fight he would.

The

The Landlord was to charge the Pistols, in order to prevent all Appearance of the least foul Play.

When Things were ready, our two Principals, and their Seconds, which were four in Number, together with the honest Landlord, marched out in Order to a Church-Yard very near the Inn.

*Dove* was peppered by his Passion, and pranced and capered like a Jockey's Horse.

The Chevalier, on the other Hand, looked more composed than resolute ; yet he went. Once or twice he seemed to mutter, that *Dove* was not of Size for him, that is not of Consequence enough. But his Second, a dapper, little, lively Ensign, whispered to him, That Honour was of all Sizes ; her Standard fitted every Gentleman : Which took away in Part the Doctor's Scruple. But he was heard to say, The greatest Creature in the World, as useful as the Sun himself, to fight an old Philosopher, a Fellow that is fed by Fire, an Election-Dealer, he thought it was not right.

But, behold him at his Ground ! the Seconds now are busy in meting out the Spaces, and settling every Circumstance of Honour and Exactness.

The Tiger *Dove* was already in his Shirt, and seemed impatient for the Combat. He often viewed his Priming, and eyed at once the Chevalier from Head to Foot, who was not quite so curious as his Foe, but rather, like *Æneas*, with Patience, pondered on the Event of Things, and now and then would weigh the Consequence. However he was there.

His Countenance, indeed, had given Way a little ; whether through Self-Love, or Motives of Humanity, lest he should destroy his Antagonist, or a Concern for human Kind, if he should drop ; whether one, or all of these together, had wrought that little Vacancy, that blank in his

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Complexion, the courteous Reader will conjecture for himself at his best Leisure.

The Time is now important; for lo! they are left together.

The Seconds and the Landlord stand aloof. The Combatants are now upon the very Edge of Battle. A dreadful Interval was marked between, and *Dove* could hardly keep the stated Bounds.

The Doctor was more observant, and did not pass the Line; when *Dove* cries out, A Pox, you Puppy, fire — *Taylor*, you are a Coward; look up, and see your Man.

That Word Coward like a Flash of Lightning, kindled all the Powder in his Blood. He views his Priming too; present he did, and after that he fired; the Smoke is quickly gone, and there stands *Dove* as stout, as safe as ever, grinning in his Fury; for lo! the Doctor's Shot had mist him.

*Dove*, forgetting Discipline, rushes on, in spite of all Intreaty, close to his Antagonist, and fires in the Doctor's Face. The Doctor fell upon his Back; indeed his Countenance and Breast are bloody.

The Seconds now come in; they raise him up, enquire for the Wound. The Doctor still seems breathless, they wipe the Blood away; no Wound as yet appears; the Doctor still was breathless; with that the Ensign swore the fright had killed him, and asked the Landlord how he charged the Pistols? With nothing, please your Honour, but a little Chicken's Blood tied up in a Pudding.

The Doctor now recovers, looks pale, and blushes. The Laugh is very loud, yet *Dove* is blamed in Earnest. The Landlord swore he was a bloody Villain, and by Jesus he should pay for it.

However, Things were huddled up for the present, the Champions were made to shake Hands. The Seconds marched them back to Dinner; where

where all their former Acrimony was overlaid with Laughter, Wine and Raillery.

The 'Business of the Battle furnished Hints for Pleasantry; but still the Landlord's Stone was in his Sleeve against *Dove*.

He could not forgive him that Spite and Cruelty he put in Practice in the Article of Shooting, and was resolved to make him suffer in his Turn.

The Evening is arrived and the Champions now are charged with Wine, as high as before their Pistols.

*Dove*, who travelled with a Doxy was the first who broke up Company. His Dame and he are gone to go after.

The Doctor and the Officers kept the Field a little longer, and then retired in their Turn.

The Doctor seldom indulged his Drinking to Excess. The Girls, or, as he called them, his Chicks, engrossed his chief Attention. He ever had an Eye to Business of that Kind, and was generally pretty fortunate in his Amours.

He was not idle now. The Landlord's Kindness for *David Dove* was still increasing. He prepares an Apparatus to prove his Manhood in another Way. A Cord is let down through the Ceiling to an under Room, which Cord was fastened to the Centre of our Sage's Bed, beneath the Ticking to be sure. To the other End which dangled in the Room below, an Apple was annexed, which Apple hovered over the Surface of a Bowl of Water that stood upon a Table in the middle of the Chamber. The Apple and the Water were very near each other, and ready at every Touch to play at Bobbing-*Joan*.

Thus stood the Apparatus waiting for the Experiment, whilst another Cord, in a dexterous Hand, was ready to execute a different Office over Head. It was not hanging; the other Ex-

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trema the Toe, and not the Neck was then in Danger. The Philosopher, at length and his fair Dame are lodged; but the Fumes of Wine, for she had drank her Quota as well as *Dove*, had rendered both the Votaries of *Morpheus* on the sudden.

*Bacchus* had conquered the Queen of soft Desires, and both these Lovers lay snoring in a State of deep Abstraction; when, in this unfeeling Interval, the Snare is fastened on, and *David Jemmy Dove's* Toe is compassed with a Cord, which Cord, without an Apple, is let down through another Hole, and hangs in a perpendicular Suspense with its slender Colleague.

The Centinels are fixed; they watch the Apple and the Bowl, but no Alarm is given. The Guard is now relieved. A Servant-Maid has got the Charge, and lo! the Crisis is at Hand. The long expected Signal begins to nibble at the Bowl, the Apple dips itself a little, and narrow Circles stir the peaceful Lake.

A sudden Pause ensues, and something like a State of Anarchy prevails. An Interval of neither this nor that, but rather what resembles both; like a Man who labours to regain his Stirrup, but is not able yet to mount. The Girl upon the Guard however guessed that something was a coming.

She clapped her Hands and rung the Bell, when *Sally* from the Cellar came rushing in, and held in either Hand a Bottle full of Claret. She saw the Image of the Spot, she springs, she runs, she cries out, Master! Sir! the Apple and the Bowl. And in her Ecstasy and Hurry she struck the Bottles, as she went, together: the Pavement floats with Gore.

Her Master cries, You Bitch the Bottles. *Sally answers the Apple is in the Bowl, Sir.* He sees  
and

and believes—he saw the Circles spread, the Apple sink and rise—he pulled the other Cord with all his Might. And now the Bowl was in Confusion. A Noise is heard, and Oaths and Groans succeed. Here, *Polly*, do you pull, pull tight; I'll go and call the Doctor; he shall hear the Villain groan.

Away he runs, and *Polly* still keeps pulling; for she hated *Dove*, the House was never the better for him. He brought his Goods along with him: But the Doctor still was furnished in the Family. So she kept pulling. But now the Devil himself was over Head, and all his Works. Rascal; Villain, Blunderbuss, and Bitch, and Whore, and shoot him dead, and Damn ye all, was echoed through the Stair Case, Passage, Kitchen, Yard and Stables.

The Doctor in his Shirt scampers like a Fury, followed by the Landlord.

The young Commanders, not better covered, follow both; and *Dove*, with a Hanger in his Hand and the Cordage at his Heels, as naked as the best of them, came roaring in the Rear, and limped about, and damn'd and sunk, and called for Satisfaction: the Servants sluiced him, for the Pump was near.

The Officers had seized the Landlord. The Doctor mounts the Hayloft; the Hostler is his Friend. The Officers, now bursting with implicit Fun, would fain appease the Landlord. They beg, they pray to know the Cause: For God's sake, Mr. *Heeny*, what is the Matter? This is a *Christmas* Trick indeed; why in such a rage with *Taylor*? Oh Gentlemen, the Villain and my Niece—Damnation seize his Duel—but I'll have his Life for it.

They lug the Landlord into the House; the Servants knew the Thing before; they bring the  
D 5
Chevalier

Chevalier his Cloaths, and his Equipage is ready *Dove*, half drowned in the Scuffle, and naked as at first, begs for Heaven's sake the Doctor would take him up and save his Life. Up he mounts, the Cord still fastened to his Toe, away the Doctor drove, and *Dove* was at his Side, shivering with Cold and Anger; but *Taylor* gave him his Surtout, and closed the Chaise about him; they journey on and leave the fatal Inn behind them.

They now are seven Miles nearer *Cork* than when they mounted first: They whip and drive, and lo! another Inn is visible.

They soon alight and march into the Kitchen; where they meet a Dozen young Gentlemen equipped for their Horses, and ready for a Hunting-match. They no sooner saw the Chevalier and his Fellow-Traveller, than they cracked their Whips, set up the Whoop and Holoo, and swore a Stag had come to challenge them; for *Dove's* Appearance had set the Joke on Foot; they skelp him with their Lashes.

And here the Doctor's Malice, or Revenge, call it which you will, began to work. This was the Time he thought to fettle all his old Accounts with *Dove*.

He begged the Gentlemen would spare him; that he was an unhappy Person, a Lunatic, and had many dreadful Intervals. In one of his Fits, says he, the poor Gentleman broke loose from his Keepers, and, naked as he was, came running to the *White-Heart-Inn* just as I was mounting into my Carriage. He knew me. And finding him tractable, I ventured to take him up, in Hopes that Dr. *Cassedy* in this Neighbourhood, who is famous for such Cures, might do him good. The Cause of his Mishap was Jealousy,

At

At this *Dove* began to swear and damn, and tell his Story.

But the Doctor begged they would assist to give him the Cold Bath, or, in lieu of that, to drench him well under the Pump, especially his Head. Gentlemen, I know something of this Affair myself. There is nothing in his Case can serve him more for the present.

So said, so done. To the Pump he is carried; and there, out of meer Charity, they labour for his Good.

The Patient foams, and roars, and tears, but all in vain. The Process still goes forward. The Gentlemen relieve each other at the Pump.

The Patient now is overcome with Cold. He is carried back into the Kitchen wrapt up in Blankets; and when recovered he is, by the Doctor's Orders, largely let Blood at both his Arms. The Doctor did the Surgeon's Part himself. Now put him into Bed, says he, and I will pay three Men for watching him till Dr. *Caffedy* is come.

Poor *Dove*, by this Time, was altogether passive. He is put to bed, and wanted not a Guard to watch him; but a Guard there was.

The Doctor and the Gentlemen grow very great together. They drink some mulled Champaign. The Doctor is discovered, and caressed with Marks of high Esteem.

One of the young Bloods told him, He hoped that it was a lucky Meeting; that he was resolved, in a Day or two, to have waited upon him at *Dublin*, with a young Lady a Sister of his, who had a Blemish upon her Eye. But, Sir, since you are here, that Journey is prevented. My House is but two Miles off; and if you will do us the Pleasure to share in our Diversion of To-day, in the Evening you shall see my Sister.

The



The Doctor thanked him ; said he was not furnished with a Hunter ; nor indeed was he Horseman enough for that spirited Recreation.

To this they all cried out, He should have both a sober and a good Horse. They were sure of excellent Sport, and he need not run into any the least Danger. He might stand upon a Hill, or take the easiest short Cuts he liked.

Aye, aye, says one of them, Lord, the Doctor need only to ride in Company with Sir *Goddart*, and then you know, Gentlemen, he's safe enough. Sir *Goddart*, Sir, is my Grandfather, a very serious old Gentleman, that about some fifty Years ago could lead the Troop himself ; but now, poor Man, he is content with looking on at a Distance. He loves, like a good Sportsman, the Sound of the Horn. A Servant always waits upon him. Stick close to him, and all is well.

The Doctor in a Moment is equipped, and out they fall with Sir *Goddart* in the Center.

It was not Day-light yet. In half an Hour's Time they come to the Ground appointed.

The Doctor is in very high Spirits, His Horse he thinks a good one. He wishes eagerly for the Chace ; when lo ! a hellish Roar, in a Minute, and the Fox are set a-foot together.

The Doctor's Head is dizzy. He catches hold of the Mane in one Hand, and the Bridle in the other, and still he keeps his Eye upon Sir *Goddart*, who scampers off among the foremost.

The Doctor's Horse, without consulting him, hurried on as fast, turned as he turned, and leaped as Sir *Goddart*'s leaped. Never was Emulation at a higher Contest than between these two hot, ambitious Hunters.

The Servant still kept near the Doctor, who now cried out for Help. No sooner had he spoke, than whip he springs through a quickset Hedge, and  
leaves

leaves his Hat and Wig behind him. His Face is sorely scratched. His Person got the Start of his Horse, and was pitched some Yards beyond his Head ; but received no other Damage than being well soufed in Mud and Dirt ; for the Ground was soft on which he fell.

He turns upon his Back ; he clears his Mouth and Eyes that now were full of Filth. He feels his Limbs and Ribs, and every Thing was safe. And now he sits upon his Breach. He stares about, and wonders where he is, for the Fall had stunned his Intellect a little.

The Footman now comes up with the Doctor's Hat, Wig, and Horse, and whoops and holloos in his Ears, and swears Sir *Goddard* and the Fox are got a Mile a head.

I wish they were both in Hell, says the Doctor.

Oh, my Friend, the greatest Man in the World.

Why, that old Rascal rides like the Devil. I'll no more of the Hunt. Friend, help me to my Horse, and lead me back again. Sir *Goddard* is a Guide for *Lucifer*. Oh damn his Crack of the Whip for me.

To which the Footman answered, What, Sir ! Sportsman's Luck, no more ; you-only found a Spur ; for Shame, let us on ; the Gentlemen will expect you. Sir *Goddard* now is weary ; follow me, and never fear ; your Honour is concerned, Sir.

At this the Doctor rein'd the restif Steed about : The Footman gallops off like Fury : The Chevalier's despotic Palfry pursued as fast. The Doctor is again attached to both his Sides : His Legs are growing to them : His Hands are fastened to the Mane. The Bridle and the Stirrups are left at large ; and Filth, and Splash, and Gravel, fly like  
Shot.

Shot about him. The Hounds are at a Loss a few Minutes. The Huntsman and Sir *Goddart* are busy at the Fault: and the Doctor, blinded and out of Breath, is just upon the Point to join them, when off again in full Cry they scour.

The Doctor's Horse again pursues Sir *Goddart*. And now the Strife was mighty; two Hedges and a five-barred Gate are passed. The Doctor, strange to tell, still keeps his Saddle. Sir *Goddart*, in the last Attempt, is tumbled down. His Girt gave way: His Horse stands near him. And lo! the Doctor's Horse for once obeys the Bit. He lights with all the Speed he could, and ran to the old Knight's Assistance; who lay with the Saddle on his Breast and Face, and kicked and sprawled as if for Life. The Chevalier stoops down and catches him in both his Arms, with, Sir, I hope you are not hurt. Indeed you rid too fast.

The old Gentleman, instead of thanking, chattered, sputtered out, and bit him by the Nose. The Doctor swears and starts, with Zounds and Blood, what's here? a Monkey? and with his loaded Whip returned the last Civility.

Reader, believe it as you will, it seems in very Truth Sir *Goddart* was no other than an old overgrown Baboon, which the Landlord used to dress up and tie upon an Horse, in order to regale such Sportsmen as the Doctor.

He feels his Nose, and returns again his Thanks. The Footman is approaching. The Doctor storms and stamps, holding still his Nose. You party-coloured Rascal, what Affront is this? you Scoundrel, King of the Rainbow, you lick-plate Villain. Sir *Goddart* tossed about, and bitten by the Nose! Your Master, Sirrah, is a greater Scrub than you. Perdition to Sir *Goddart*, my Nose is spoiled for ever—No more Intrigues—O *Dove*, thou art *revenge*—*Dove* shall see my foul Disgrace, bitten  
through

through and through, the Shape is spoiled for ever; the Pox, no doubt.—And in his Rage he interlines a Stamp or two upon the Monkey. The Footman cries out Murder, the Baboon brought him many a Shilling. He seizes on the Doctor; the Doctor gets him down, and rushes to Sir *Goddart's* Horse, his own was at a Distance, he mounts, and sees the Huntsman and the Hunters coming towards him at full Speed. He claps Spurs, and turns the Horse's Head towards the Inn. He left his Hat and Wig behind him; they fell off in the Squabble with the Foot-man.

The Huntsman is arrived, and sees the Monkey gasping. He clapped his Hands and cries out Murder too; for he had lost a Friend.

In a Word, the whole Crew, the Hounds and all, follow, now in full Cry, the Doctor, who drives he knows not where. But the Horse knew better, and took the shortest Way to the Inn. The poor Chevalier clings close, and holds with both his Hands the Mane, excepting now-and-then the one he borrowed to rub his Nose with. The Dogs are near upon him, and all the Crew cry out to stop the Murderer.

Reader, image to yourself his Figure, fastened as he was to the Horse's Neck and Sides, without either Hat or Wig, his Nose; quite bitten through and bleeding, rough-cast besides from Head to Foot.

In this weather-beaten Plight he enters the Inn-Yard, with all the Hell-Hounds at his Heels; and what was worse than all, *Dove*, exulting, beheld it from the Window, and gave three feeble Cheers to welcome him.

And now the Farce is drawing to a Crisis. The Hunters were divided in their Sentiments. Some said, the Doctor was to blame; but the major Part pretended much Compassion, and said, the  
Landlord

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Landlord was a Rascal for putting such a Trick upon any Gentleman.

In a Word, all Parties are at last good Friends. The Monkey too grew better. They passed the Day and Night like Bucks indeed. *Dove* and the Doctor shake Hands the second Time, and forgive all. *Dove's* Cloaths are brought him. The Doctor, with a Patch upon his Nose, and he set out for *Cork* together in the Morning.

### C H A P. IX.

*A meer Resting-Place, with some little Entertainment.*

**A**T *Cork* he carries all before him. The Cures he wrought, which to those People looked more like Miracles than any human Process, made him the Idol of the Populace. Nor was he less admired by People of Fashion. He returns to *Dublin* in *November*, finds it very brilliant, being Parliament Winter. He arrives in the Evening, appears in one of the Boxes at the Theatre, shining like a Constellation. The Audience clap him at his Coming-in, and the Ladies curtesy; not the Viceroy himself was more distinguished.

His Friend *Dick Eagle* is about this Time let down a Peg or two. A Gentleman of real Merit in the Profession of Portrait-Painting, had driven him quite out of Fashion; so *Dicky* turned Player. At which Business he was worse, if possible, than at scrawling Pictures. Yet acting, together with his other Trade of Pimping, kept for awhile his Chin above Water. He was often with the Doctor, and did him twenty little Offices of seeming Friendship, but inwardly he envied him; though the Doctor was not his Rival in any Thing but Fame.

He

Dr. JOHN TAYLOR. 65

He could not bear to see him shine over him, and was resolved to bring him down to his own dirty Level, if possible.

The Doctor loved a Wench, and *Dicky* knew it.

One *Sunday* Morning he waits upon the Chevalier, and tells him, he has appointed two handsome Country Lassies to meet him at the *Yellow Lion* in *College-Green*, where, says he, Doctor, you shall have your Choice, or both, if you like it. Agreed, quoth the Doctor.

Accordingly he came, and met the Damsels. They travel up Stairs together, the Doctor and the Ladies, whilst *Dicky* did Duty at the Door. The Hostess had her Cue from *Dick*; she had her Part to act. Upon Notice given she travels up the Stairs, and in her Hands she bore a Spit with a Leg of Mutton well nigh roasted thereupon; she enters at a Point of Time that happened to be critical; she cries out, Rogue and Whore! and lays upon the prostrate Doctor the Warmth and Weight of all her Mutton—The Gravy deluged now his Face and Linen—He starts, he stares, he holds up both his Hands,—his Drapery is disordered. She repeats her Oaths and Blows. The Doctor takes to Flight, embarrassed as he was about the Hams, and to the Street he hobbled, but left his Coat, his Waistcoat, Wig and Hat behind him; his under Drapery still disordered, he hobbles on, all smeared with Gravy; the Mutton at every Blow still bursting about his Ears.

O fatal Unities of Time and Place! It was one o'Clock on *Sunday* in the Afternoon, and lo! the Congregation is rushing from out the *Round Church* Door, just as the Doctor and his Kitchen Fury were passing by: Yea, all the People, nay the Parson too beheld it.

Hapless

Hapless Doctor ! where was then thy Diamond Cross and Ring, thy spangling Coat, and all the Apparatus of a noble Gentleman ? The Ladies scream, they run back to Church again. The Parson hides him in the Pulpit. The Mob came round. The Beggars scramble up the Mutton. The Hostess now is out of Breath : She falls upon her Face, by missing of a Blow, with Arms out-stretched ; the Spit was stretched out further.

The Doctor now is raging mad. An Oyster-Wench restored his Galligaskins, and smiled upon the Frolick ; when lo ! a Gentleman, a Senator, for he represents the City, beheld the Doctor's evil Plight. He came between, and with his Presence awed the Tumult. The Rabble now are scattered. In his Coach he took him, took him naked as he was and sanguined over.

Notwithstanding his Misfortune, the Senator esteemed his Merit, and loved him as a Man. The Fumigation was not worse than this. But oh ! much worse was yet to come. Grief on Grief ! his Wife and Son, that very Instant, are arrived from Scotland. What a Climax of Distress !

Dublin was no more a Place of Safety. No Safety for *Jack Taylor* there. He meditates the Continent. *Dick Eagle*, in a hackney Coach, brings him this News, and with it brings the Doctor's Drapery, who bid him strait go back and countermand her Journey. I must not see her ; let her again on Ship-board ; on Ship-board put her and her Son. O damn your Country Wenches, *Dicky*. *Dick* thou hast undone me.

*Dicky* now was bursting inwardly at the Joke, but wore a Countenance of seeming Sorrow, more in Fraud than Friendship. The Villain wept with Triumph, and promised never more to pimp.

He waits on the Doctor's Lady, persuades her to re-imbark, assures her her Husband will meet her

in

in the Morning, and sail with her to *England*: Which indeed he did. But first he puts on Board a stately Horse, that with his Trappings cost him near two hundred Pounds. He brought besides with him two Footmen in blue Liveries turned up with Silver, a large beautiful young Wolf Dog that cost him twenty Guineas, together with some Rarities from the Giant's Causeway, as a Present for the royal Society.

They hoist Sale, meet a Gale of Wind, are driven by a Storm upon the Coast of *Wales*; where they landed in much Danger of their Lives.

## C H A P. X.

*This Chapter is of a mixed Construction. A tragic-comic Tale. The Scene still shifting.*

**T**HE Chevalier leaves his Wife at the first Town he comes to, and sets out Post for *London*.

He had not journeyed far, before he encountered a handsome rich Widow, to whom he made the warmest Tenders of his Love; told her, he was a Widower, had only one Child, whose Nurse he permitted to go in his Name, as she was young and obliged to travel with him.

His Confidence, his fine Person, and genteel Address, soon gained Ground upon the Widow's Affections. She complies. But the Affair had now reached his Wife's Notice, who hastened to the Town where the Widow and he were, found Means to produce the Certificate of her Marriage to the abused Widow. But the Doctor, through meer Dint of native Bronze and artful Contrivance, defeated his Wife's honest Attempt, and baffled her spiritual Authority, confirmed at the same Time.

the



the Widow in her first Sentiments, assured his Wife that the Affair was a meer Galamaufry, and giving her a Kiss, together with five Guineas, and his Picture set in Gold, he advised her by all Means to go back to the Town from whence she came, which was *Carmarthen*; and being in Haste to dispatch her, he hired a Guide to take her the nearest Way.

We cannot suppose, that he, a meer Stranger in that Country, could be acquainted with the Road through which he was to travel. Whether the Widow, in her Care for Mrs. Taylor's Safety and quick Return, had advised this Step, will also be a Question not so well cleared up as the Reader could wish. Be that as it may, the Road she was put into was known to be impracticable by all the Neighbourhood, especially at that Season of the Year, on Account of the Tide, which rose to such a dangerous Height between two Hills, that it made all Passage that Way quite desperate.

The misguided Lady soon found her Danger. The Water rushing in and rising so high in an Instant alarmed her much, and as it happened not quite too late.

The Guide was making off with all the Speed he could. But she cried out to him, to come and adjust something about her Stirrup; which the Fellow did. She being a Woman of strong Spirits, seized him by the Collar, and said, if he did not stay and help her out, he should drown with her. Upon this they quit their Horses, and with great Toil and Danger they clambered up the Cliff, and got safe to *Carmarthen* to the great Astonishment of every Person in that Town.

Mean while the Doctor sets out with the Widow, whom he settled as his Wife in an Apothecary's House in *Bloomsbury-Square*. His real Wife remained some little Time in *Wales*, and then followed

lowed him to Town; where, in Order to satisfy herself concerning the *Welch* Widow, she gets acquainted with the Apothecary's Wife, tells her who she is, and by her Connivance dines with the Widow. In the Height of Dinner, the Postman brings a Letter from the Doctor. The Widow rose up in great Transports to read it; yet Mrs. *Taylor* had such Command of her Passion, that she seemed to look on with much Indifference, till Tea was over, then took her Leave with great Temper; nor was she, by the Widow, in the least suspected.

Upon the Doctor's Arrival, the Apothecary gave him Warning to quit his Lodgings, telling him his real Wife had been there; he would have no such Doings under his Roof. The Doctor, without taking Leave of any Mortal, sets out for *France*, with the Widow, immediately.

But first, by Way of meer Convenience, he drew, as the Widow's Husband, fifteen hundred Pounds out of the Funds.

He arrives at *Paris*: And though he seemed to love this Woman even to Madness, yet through a strange Caprice of Soul, he would not let her call him Husband. No truly, like the Patriarch of old, she must be thought his Sister.

With her Cash he sets up at once a flaming Chariot with six dapper Greys, and Servants in rich Liveries, and looked as grand as an Embassador. But Fortune, like other Ladies of Fashion, delights in Variety: She seemed to make our Doctor her Topic of Diversion. His Scene was always shifting; and every Movement gave some new Appearance.

## THE HISTORY OF

### CHAP. XI.

*A new and severe Test of our Hero's Courage and Patience.*

A *French* Gentleman, handsome as the Doctor and full as amorous, happened to cast a wishing Eye at the Widow. She returned his Overtures with Interest. The *Frenchman* was coming up apace Sword in Hand. The Widow was about to beat a Parley. The Doctor saw and trembled. Duels were his mortal Aversion. And Things were now so much embarrassed, that he must either declare, look on, or fight. Declare he did, and swore she was his lawful Wife. The *Frenchman* retired from the Siege in Form. But whether Matters ended there or not, is still a Mystery, and, like many others, is indeed of little Consequence.

The Doctor now was at his vertic Point of Glory, blazing as he travelled. Two whole Years he dazzled the Faculty at *Paris*, kept the best Company, and got much Money.

But alas! an unlucky Accident made it a little convenient for a while, at least, that he should break fresh Ground.

A young Lady, of one of the first Houses in *England*, who lived in a noble Family near *Paris*, had got a Dimness in one of her Eyes, the bright else in *Europe*. The Chevalier was called, with his wonted Felicity soon dispelled the envy Cloud. He was richly rewarded for this Piece of Work, became a Favourite in the Family, where he passed some very pleasing Hours.

The Lady's Gratitude and familiar Carriage natural to the *French*, for she was educated there, *overset*, it seems, the Doctor's Prudence. So

thing had possessed him with a strange Notion, that the young Lady's Civilities, seasoned by Gratitude and Kindness to her Benefactor, for so she esteemed the Chevalier to be; I say, this Appearance, free from all *Gothic* Ceremony and rude Reserve, flattered this Son of *Æsculapius* to make some strange Conclusions in his own Favour; for his fine Person was ever whispering to his Vanity.

In short, he used to walk by Moon-light with this delightful Beauty in a Grove that stood near the House. His Frenzy still grew stronger. He saw her through a Medium which Vanity had cast before his Sight. Heightened by Desire, in this Illusion, he fancied she was going to see him with her Person. He perverted every Circumstance. Her Looks, her Words, were all Conviction. He resolves to snatch the happy Minute, proceeds *vi & armis* to practise upon his Patient a new Operation. She strikes him on the Face—she cries for Help—the Servants are at Hand; and oh! Disgrace to Knighthood, the Chevalier was forced to travel through the Horse-pond, with many Bastinado's on his outward Man.

*Paris*, after this, was again too narrow. He scours back to *London* with some Thousands in his Pocket. He takes a House in *Suffolk-Street* at near £ 200 a Year Rent, with Offices for several Carriages, and Stables for a double Set of Horses, tho' then content with a Pair of hackney Kephals fastened to a splendid Crane-necked Chariot.

At his first Appearance in this Equipage, a very striking Circumstance was taken Notice of, and it was this: The Doctor, that great Dealer in the visual Ray, had in all his Train but a single Eye, which happened to be the Coachman's Property, for the Horses were both of them stone blind.

Here

Here he orders two large Rooms to be laid into one, which he intends for his Library, having, he said, brought together a numerous Collection of the best chosen Books in every Language and Science.

His Landlord, being a Man of Taste and Letters, was licking his Lips at the Thoughts of being regaled by the Doctor's Library.

The expected Morning is come, when two Porters from the Tower are arrived, one leading a Horse with a Sack Load of Books upon his Back; the other keeping the learned Cargo in its Place. The Sack is opened, and lo! the Doctor's Library, viz. Various Editions in several Languages of the renowned *Don Quixote*; *Gil Blas*; *Swift's Tale of the Tub*, in French; *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*; three Volumes of *Cassandra*; *England's Conversion and Reformation compared*; *Dr. Anthony Gavan's Master-Key to Popery*; *Hobbes's Leviathan*, loose in the Binding; the History of *Montelion*, Knight of the Oracle; *Grey's Love-Letters*; *Ray's Wonders of God in the Creation*; *A Present from a Parson's Wife in the Highlands of Scotland*; *The solemn League and Covenant*; *Sacbeverel's Trial*; *Wycherly's Country Wife*; *Causin's Holy Court*; *Milton and Don Bellianis of Greece*: Such was the Doctor's Collection, which make an elegant and full Appearance in the two large Rooms prepared to receive it. And never was there more Space allotted for less Matter, except in the *Vacuum Boyleanu*, or perhaps in the Doctor's own *Pericranium*, which some Wags have compared to his Library.

When the House was furnished, as indeed it soon was in a very elegant Manner, he placed the Widow in it as Mistress of the whole.

## C H A P. XII.

*A Christmas Frolic.*

**A**ND now he fastens four more Rozinantes to his Carr, with two Servants in rich Liveries behind it ; with which, and his Valet on Horseback, he sets out for the Place of his Nativity — Has the Appearance of Grandeur in every thing about him, except his Coachman, who served as a moral Contrast to the gaudy Parts of his Retinue, and did the Office of a Death's Head at a *Roman* Feast ; he served to shew how perishable all worldly Grandeur is. But indeed he served further ; he was a striking Mark of his Master's motley Character. His upper Weeds were much worn out ; his Elbows took the Air ; you would think his Breeches were beleaguered, for there a mighty Breach appeared ; he lacked Boots and an upper Tunic, though it then was Winter.

Previous to the Doctor's setting out, he filled the *Norfolk* News-Papers with Paragraphs of his own vast Importance. Never was the Art of Puffing displayed to such Perfection. He sends Letters to his Fellow-Citizens and Brethren, being himself a Free-Mason, inviting them to meet him ; which indeed they did in great Numbers, and in their best Appearance. He also employed People to set the Bells a ringing as soon as he entered the City-Gates.

In this triumphant Manner did he drive up to his Mother's little Shop, bringing with him such Quantities of rich Cloaths, that he was forced to hire the next House as a Ward-Röbe, where they were laid out and exposed to the public View.

Here he meets with his Wife and Son, who had lived at *Norwich* during his Residence in France.

## THE HISTORY OF

met with his old Friend *Tabitha* the Quack-Widow, with whom he past an Evening, and gain her Corns. He flies about two Days to-like a Meteor, and then returns to *London* his Wife and Son. He puts the Boy to School *nsington*, and places his Wife, *sans Ceremonie*, in the same House with the Widow, where there was her constant Chum, in order to hinder Doctor from being so.

Thus Affairs went on for some Time. The Doctor made a bright Appearance. The Cures he performed; the Concourse of Nobility and Gentry who daily crowded to see them, brought him great Reputation and Consequence. The very Faculty, in spite of Prejudice, could not forbear giving him his just Applause.

## C H A P. XIII.

*Which consists partly of nice Reflexions, and partly of odd Adventures.*

A Gentleman of Rank, whose Son the Doctor had restored to Sight, procured him, as a Mark of his good Will, to be made Oculist to the King.

With this Feather in his Cup, and his own solid Merit, were he half as prudent as he was prodigal, he might have continued his Copper-gilt Chariot with six Dapples, and ten thousand Pounds in his Pocket. But alas! his chimerical Fondness for Show led him into a Million of enchanted Castles. Ostentation was the Idol that undid him: And, what is strange, he grew more and more in Love with these Fairy Visions, as he advanced in Years. He was ever was happy, but when, like a Comet, he The Character he assumed was that

that of the marvellous. He imitated, nay invented every romantic Extravagance. The Epic and the Grand were the Chevalier's natural Stile.

He was no less magnificent within, than without Doors. Nothing but Grandeur must come near his Table. Courses served up in all the Masquerade of Luxury, where Nature was invisible, created Dishes, costly Wines, Music, and all the Madriess of a *Roman* Feast were his highest Triumph. And yet, to make this Prodigy still more prodigious, no Mortal was ever less anxious about his Palate than the Doctor. A broiled Blade-bone of Mutton without a Cloth; a Crust and a little Salt; standing at some Dresser in his Boots and Riding-Coat, made up a thousand Ortolans.

He was an Epicure in Idea only. His Table, like his Cloathing, was meant for others to gaze at more than his own Enjoyment. He would be visible—Nay the very blind must see him. But that indeed was his true Ambition.

His wild Oeconomy sent him Abroad once more. He sets out for *Paris*, hoping that Time had defaced the Memory of the fatal Horse-pond.

He left the Widow at a Lodging in *Chelfea*, and his Wife and Son in the House at *Suffolk-Street*, where they remained till the Landlord had seized upon the Goods for Rent. This melancholy Event happened a short Time after his Departure; they not having wherewith to subsist on in *England*, were forced, by Necessity, to follow him into *France*.

The Doctor is at *Paris*, where Ambition in a new Shape has set herself before him. A Shape indeed without a Substance. He turns Author in an evil Hour, as if he had not Misfortunes enough before. He neglects his Patients. The bodily Eye was now, forsooth, a meer mechanic Organ, much too coarse for his Inspection. The intellectual Sight, the Eye of the Soul, was now his favourite Object.



He writes a Supplement to the learned Bishop of *Cloyne's* Book, to prove that there was nothing but Mind in the Universe. The intellectual Eye he now proposed to couch, and purge all Mists from thence. But there he reckoned wrong. A thousand Quacks to one were there against him. His Patients of this Class received no Benefit. They are as blind as ever. His Finances fall short. He gets into Debt, meditates a new Province, but first he places his Son in the *College du Placis* facing the *Sorbonne*, leaves his Wife at a Hotel, and sets out in the Night for the City of *Bordeaux*; though he had it in his Power to make as great a Figure in *Paris*, as he did at *London*.

He also leaves behind him one of his Chicks, as he calls them; she was a beautiful young Damsel, whom he had inveigled from a *French* Nobleman, which cost him Woe.

In this Article he stands accused of violating a little the Laws of Hospitality. He was daily at his Lordship's Table, and received a thousand Favours at his Hand. But Love conquers all. He settled Matters so that his beautiful Chick was let down the Wall in a Basket from her Window, whilst the Doctor stood below with open Arms to catch her. 'Twas in a Garden, where unluckily a *Danish* Dog was upon the Watch, who took the Alarm, and rushed upon the Doctor just as the Basket was dropping into his Lap. His Valet, assisting in that very Moment, had half his Leg torn away. The Doctor's Throat escaped by a Miracle, for the furious Animal seized him by the Collar. The wounded Valet, however, with his Rapier dispatched the animal. The Lady lay sprawling all this while. But the Doctor, with the Loss of half his Waistcoat and Coat Skirt, made off with his Prize; who having the Keys of the Garden Door, let herself and Lover into the Street; where they quickly  
got

got to Shelter, and left the poor Valet to shift for himself in the best Manner he could.

This smuggled Piece of Beauty the Doctor kept for his private Use, till Money falling short, he left her also in the Lurch.

The Nobleman after his Departure, had her taken up, and put into a House of Correction, as the Custom of the Country is, where during a Woman's cohabiting with a Man, as much Fidelity is expected from her, as is if she was really his Wife. In this House they are shorn of their Hair, that of the Head I mean. They are cloathed in coarse Weeds, and go through a painful Process by the Way of Penance; a Regimen too severe for her delicate Constitution. She could not support it, and died of these Hardships in less than four Months.

## C H A P. XIV.

*In this Article of our History, something of the marvellous may appear, together with something of the small.*

**T**HE Doctor is now at *Bordeaux*. He goes on with great Success. He has an Account that his Wife is dangerously ill at *Paris*. He reports that she is really dead, puts on Mourning, and in a little Time pays his Court to the Mayor's Daughter of the Town; who, dazzled by his Appearance and Popularity, began to listen with some Attention to his Proposal; yet his Discretion caused him to send to *Paris*, to learn from thence if the Doctor told him the Truth; but he is assured, that the Chevalier's Lady is not only living, but perfectly well recovered.

He lets the Doctor into this very Secret, not without some Menaces ; which so alarmed him, that he scampers over the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, and arrives at *Madrid* : Where, in his unguarded Zeal, he talks loosely of religious Matters. Besides there were found upon him some heretical Books. He finds his Danger, and flies for Refuge to Sir *Benjamin Keene*, our then Embassador at the Court of *Spain* ; by whose Assistance he makes his Escape to *Portugal*.

Just as he was entering upon the Frontiers of that Kingdom, in a Post-Chaise attended by two Servants, between the Hours of eleven and twelve at Night, he was attacked by six armed Men, who were in Pursuit of a Murderer. They take him to be the Man. The Doctor not having *Spanish* enough to explain himself, and suspecting he was pursued as a Champion of the Church of *England*, defended himself with great Courage and Zeal. He resolved to fall a Martyr, rather than submit. He fought so long, that both his Servants were killed and one of his Horses. He received some Shots in his Cloaths. At last, finding that Superstition was like to prevail, he, with much Reluctance, yielded himself up, and was dragged by them to a Garrison at four Miles Distance ; when, upon producing his Passport, the Mistake came out ; a little too late indeed.

He arrives at *Queensbury*, a University in *Portugal*, where the Art of restoring Sight was very little known. Here he dissects the Eye, and gave public Lectures upon the Method of treating its Diseases ; which he did with so much Judgment and Ingenuity, that till he put his Theory into Practice, they looked upon his Dissertation as mere Fiction.

Though our Doctor was then in Distress, yet his Merit and Success established his Reputation  
to

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to such a Degree, that he obtained Letters from the University to the Court of *Portugal*, recommending him in the strongest Terms. Where, in a few Months, he had the Honour to be made a Knight of the Order of Christ.

Here for three whole Years together, he lived like a Nobleman. In which Time, among many others of smaller Note, he restored to Sight the Viceroy of *Brazil*; for which Feat he got, to use his own Words, a Hat full of Gold. But his evil Genius was here again at his Elbow, and pushed him once more into that eccentric Path, which led him so often out of the straight Road.

He intrigues with a very handsome young Lady, the Wife of an old rich Physician, who was pleased to entertain the highest Esteem for the Doctor; and, contrary to the Custom of that Country, gave him free Admittance into his Family, where he sometimes met his Wife. The Doctor a good Judge of the Eye, soon saw something in the Lady's Look which promised an Adventure.

In short, he amused himself agreeably with this Lady the best Part of a whole Year. Nay, he had gone so far as to advising the Packing up of Jewels and other Trifles of great Value, which, he told her, would be useful in a Journey, for they were to set out for *England* together. Nay, she had promised him to turn *Protestant*: For that was a Point the Doctor never forgot to cultivate in his Dealings with either *Jews* or *Papists* of the fair Sex. His Zeal for the Church of *England* kept equal Pace with his Passions of Gallantry. And he could reckon as many Proselytes as Mistresses. But the Doctor, like Captain *Mackbeath*, could as soon be satisfied with one Woman as one Guinea.

He is caught at the Reverend Fathers the *Jesuit's* Church, by a Lady, who happened to adjust her

her Veil in his View, which gave some Glimpse of a Bosom white as Snow. The Veil in *Portugal* speaks the Language of all Countries. The Doctor takes the Hint, commences Admirer, is led by the Lady into a very elegant Exchange of Civilities.

This relieved the Sameness of his Collation at the old Doctor's. The Variety gave new Life and Spirits to his whole Deportment. He appears more brilliant and engaging: He feels a fresh Ardour kindle in his Bosom to the Religion in which he was educated.

The Spirit of his Mission stirred strongly in him. And now the Mistress of a *Papish* Archbishop is to be brought over to the Communion of the established Church of *England*; for such is the Lady, who now felt the force of his Argumentations. His Reasons, she thought, were much stronger than those of the Archbishop. He made deeper Impressions upon her, and she gave Way very quickly to all his Motives. Such was the Measure of his Talent in the Art of Persuasion.

But the female Hypocrite above-mentioned hath Notice of his Progress in this spiritual Warfare. She lays up Vengeance for him; and in his next Visit she receives him with great Shew of Affection, tells him, she has got a Glass of the finest White-Wine in all *Spain*, which he must give his Opinion of. She fills to him, and he drinks two or three Bumpers with Glee; said he never tasted any thing so excellent. But, Madam, says he, all your Favours are the richest upon Earth.

Traitor! says she, I am revenged—you have drunk the most powerful Poison in the World—you have not an hour to live—The Archbishop's Mistress, Traitor! At these Words she flew out of the Room, with a thousand Furies in her Face.

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The Doctor now sat more like a Figure of Ice, than a breathing Mortal. His whole Life came rushing into his View. His Conscience, startled from its Slumber, stares him frightfully in the Face ; a thousand Terrors, the past, the present, and the future, are all before him. He beats his Forehead, plucks off his Diamond Cross, and flings it to the Floor. He stamps, he raves, he roars, he runs to his House, without hearing or seeing any thing in his Way. He cries for Help.

Here he meets the Chaplain of the *English* Factory, and another Gentleman, his Friend, to whom he roars aloud for Help. They are amazed. He cries out, Poison ! Poison ! *Taylor* is no more, my Friends—I die, I die—*Taylor* is cut short, and the World is lessened. I feel it boil among my Bowels. My Stomach is on Fire. A Puke, a Puke, a Puke ! My Cross, my Diamond Cross, and all my Titles for a Puke. I confess I am a Sinner—'tis now no Time—O yes, I have a Wife and Son at *Paris*—Sir, assist me ; I have blinded many—caught, caught in my own accursed Snare—this Fire consumes me—Yes, I believe it all, the Creed, the Trinity. O give me the hot Water, drench me to the Muzzle. *San grado* now assist me—it works up and down—the Poison works me stronger—Sir *Hans Shan* shall have my Instruments—My Art who can inherit ?—My darling Son—O I've wronged my Family—My Pulse is sinking—Yes, I've wronged my Family—this dreadful Woman—The Rattle-Snake is not more fatal—I have made some Converts, Sir ; will that atone ?—

Now the Apothecary pours in sweet Oils. He is drenched unmercifully, and brought so low, that he gives up all Thoughts of Life. He begs the Parson's Help, and thinks of the other World in earnest.

He makes his Will in the Intervals of the Close-Stool and the Bowl. His Candle now was burning at both Ends. He expects every Moment it will go out. I bequeath my Works to the College of Physicians: Ah, no, says he, I'll leave them to my darling Son. I'll leave him all my Papers. They'll make him some Amends. The Materials for writing my Life, under my own Hand, he shall have them all. My Cross is gone for ever. O read the departing Prayer! I sink, I die—The Poison masters all my Vitals—No human Art can conquer it—O lay me on the Bed. My Reason too begins to totter.

Here he is put into Bed. The Parson gives him Absolution. His Friends all kneel around. The last Prayer is read: He dozes in a kind of Stupor. His Eyes are closed, but still he breathes.

'Tis now beyond the Hour of Midnight, when lo! a grave Person, in the Habit of the Faculty, enters the Room, desires to see the Chevalier. He feels his Pulse, shakes his Head, and seems much concerned. He offers him a Cordial, but alas! he utters not a Word. The Voice he seemed to notice, and he opened by Degrees his Eyes. The Physician offers him again the Cordial, but in vain.

At length, his Mouth is opened, and down he pours the Draught. 'Twas like Sir *Walter Raleigh's*. He feels a Flash of Lightning dart through all his Inwards. His Colour kindles by Degrees. And now he shews some Signs of Life. Nay, he speaks, and asks what saving Angel had thus relieved him. He takes more Cordial. He still grows better, and he gazes on his Doctor. The Diamond Cross he feels within his Hand; and something then is whispered in his Ear.

At this he raised himself a little, looks wild about him, and cries out, Reverend Sir, I am not dead; take back the Absolution, they will never sign it over Head—O my charming Chicken, in her Husband's Cloaths too, what, no Poison then, but *Spanish White-Wine*! oh, it was a damn'd Dose—I'll no more of the Bishop's Mistress—Yes, I'm better, O my sweet Physician!—It was a devilish Dose indeed. Mr. *Simpson*, this my charming Chicken, my darling Convert, and my Diamond, are both come back. The lucky Minute! I have them both again—recall the Absolution—Ah, it was a little cruel, but I mend apace—She will read her Recantation now—We will strait for *England*; you've got the Diamonds and the Money. Aye, aye, we will strait for *England*. Mr. *Simpson*, you'll befriend us—A Profelyte is a precious Thing!—Yes, we will strait set out—Another Gulp will set me on my Legs—Oh such a rasping Dose, it had like to send me packing, the greatest Creature in the World.

The Parson was in amaze. But the Lady, in her Husband's Breeches, assured him, all was true; that she gave him nothing but a Glass of Wine to drink. She was sorry they had puked and purged him so; but, says she, it will serve him both for Physic and Philosophy; it will correct his Humours and his Morals too. We must be gone. If my Husband should suspect, we are undone for ever.

The Chevalier was much recovered. The Chaplain advised him not to stir that Night; said, the Lady might read her Recantation in *England* to more Advantage; he would give them all the Assistance in his Power; advised them to keep close, till they had heard again from him, which would be in the Evening after To-morrow.

The



## THE HISTORY OF

he Chevalier expressed his Thanks, begged him once more to take back the Absolution, asked his Will, declared his whole Behaviour but acting a Part, he meant nothing serious, begged of the Chaplain as a Man of Honour, report him so, lest it should hurt his Reputation as a Gentleman, which was a Thing he valued much more than his Life.

The Chaplain stared at him; but promised to obey, and to get Things ready against the Time appointed, and bid them both good Night.

## CHAP. XV.

*A Scene of Tendernefs and Sincerity will here furnish out a Contrast to our Hero's general Character.*

THE Lady now expressed great Sorrow for the Harshness of her Medicine. She apprehended it seems, that it might have no friendly Effect upon her Night's Entertainment; so she made her Choice to sit up and cherish the Doctor with Cordials and with Kindness, till he was in some Degree restored to his pristine Faculties. They settle the Plan of their intended Flight. Her Husband, she said, knew nothing at all of her. She had taken her Opportunity in his Absence; and (notwithstanding his Falshood) ready to go round the World with him. She hoped Mr. Simpson would be punctual, for every Hour was an Age.

The Doctor endeavoured to convince her in the best Manner he could, that his Affection for her had not lost all its original Energy, and was but partly ruined; he felt his Vigour and Integrity return. Facts are convincing Things; and the Doctor was not idle. In this Interval of Dread  
and

and Joy, they pass their horrid, happy Moments in expecting ardently the Chaplain, still stretched upon the Tenter-Hooks of Hope and Fear. A Condition of Mind which none can describe or imagine, but those who have felt it.

The important Minute was now approaching near, and Expectation went abroad to meet it. The Rumbling of a Coach alarms them. They start with Rapture at the Sound, and vowed the Chaplain was an Angel. They spring to meet him. But oh! what Language can describe their Terror! They meet the Holy Office at the Door, the Midnight-Coach, and all the black Tribunal. The Inquisition now has seized them. This Thunder-Clap was worse than all his Pukings.

The Chevalier, the Lady in Disguise, his Books and Papers, are all seized and carried off to Prison, to the dreadful Prison.

He is accused of being a Jew; and a fearful Process is begun.

Two Brothers of the Faculty, in their Envy of his Merit, did him this Kindness. He saw before him a Prospect truly terrible. They put him to the Torture in a Manner not unlike the Fumigation, and full as dreadful.

Here the Chevalier soon felt the Difference between this infernal Jurisdiction, where Innocence itself is often criminal, and a Nation, whose civil Polity is but mere Humanity exercised by Truth and Reason, where Law is Liberty, and Subjection perfect Freedom; where Religion is the Handmaid of Virtue, to dress her out in all the Ornaments of Moderation, Humility, and every social and sublime Attractive.

In this horrid Extremity, he found a Passage to a noble Lord, the then ambassador from *England* at the Court of *Portugal*, a Character illustrious all over *Europe*, whose Resolution is equal to his Huma-

Humanity. Through his Lordship's kind Application and powerful Influence, the Doctor is at last enlarged. When nothing less than Providence, in the Person of his noble Benefactor, could have wrought his Delivery, which was brought about rather by a Connivance of the Court of *Portugal*, than through any legal and open Process.

He escapes in the Night. His fair Friend, out of Petticoats attends him in his Retreat. Nor had he Leisure to bid the Bishop's Mistress one soft Farewell. He felt some tender Pains on her Account, for he lost a Profelyte; but his good Intention he hoped might be accepted. The Inquisition cancelled half his Passion; but his Zeal was still invincible. Nay, he gained a tenfold Force from his Adversity. He vowed revenge like *Hannibal*, and would sacrifice a thousand Nuns as Victims to his injured Mother the Church of *England*, and his own Resentment. He determined to go and make Reprisals, whilst aught of Man remained in him.

He is now upon his Journey; his fair Fellow-Traveller and he. They are mounted upon Post-Horses, and leave behind them, in their Haste, all their Apparel, except the Suits they had on; some Jewels and things of Value they had secured. But alas! the Poor Lady was so disordered, by the Fatigue of her Journey, that she had a Fever on the third Day after their setting out. It increased continually. Her delicate Frame was not able to sustain it; and though she fell ill at a Place the most unpromising in her Situation, yet she wanted no Assistance that Art or Kindness could administer, for the Parish-Priest was himself a good Physician. He was always with her; and not only him, but a Gentleman of the Faculty, the worthy Father's Brother, happened to be then upon a Visit with him.

The

The poor Lady grew worse and worse. And the Chevalier, to do him Justice, was pierced to the very Soul with Sorrow. Her affectionate Generosity and Friendship were working at his Heart. He sees her sinking to the Grave on his Account.

In short, all Hopes of Recovery are given over. The wounded Chevalier feels an additional Pang. The Thoughts of her dying a *Papist*, after all the Pains he had taken in her Conversion, recoiled grievously upon his Virtue. O! it was a two-fold, a goading Affliction; but Necessity must be obeyed.

She is now upon the Verge of a Delirium. She gives the Chevalier her Jewels; and, with Tears and dying Tendernefs, she begs him to be gone, and leave her to the Priest's Humanity, who would see her decently interred. At this her Understanding quite failed, and she said no more to be understood.

The Doctor waited till she was quite senseless; and then, taking silent Leave with a sorrowful Heart, he posted off with all Speed.

He knew her Sex must soon be discovered, and the Danger which must follow. He therefore travelled Night and Day, till he came to a convenient Port, where he took Shipping; and after a very dangerous Voyage, landed safe at last at *Falmouth*.

*End of the First VOLUME.*



THE  
L I F E  
AND EXTRAORDINARY  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
Dr. JOHN TAYLOR.

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V O L. II.

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C H A P. I.

*Here a strange Galamaufry, and a New Actor is introduced.*

**H**ERE the Chevalier, disguised in the Habit of a *Portuguese*, and speaking nothing but the Language of that Country, taking with him an Interpreter, travelled on to *Salisbury*, where his Son met him; having also made his Escape from the *College du Placis*, where he had been placed by his Father. He had continued there five Years, during the Doctor's Travels through *Spain* and *Portugal*, &c. who forgot to remit the Stipend agreed upon for his Maintenance and Education. The Youth was frequently pressed to embrace the  
Romish

*Romish* Faith but in vain; for he was so thoroughly initiated in the Principles of the *Protestant* Religion, during his Continuance at the Rev. Mr. *Crow's* School at *Kensington*, that all their attempts proved fruitless.

At length the College proceeded to Severities; which obliged him to think of his Escape. This he effected by travelling through the Gates of *Paris* in a Fish-Cart. When he got as far as *St. Dennis*, he fell in company with an *Irish* Priest, who was coming over to *England* as a Missionary, to make Profelytes to the *Roman-Catholic* Religion.

Young *Taylor* tells the Priest, that he was of a good Family in *England*, that were *Roman-Catholics*, which, he made no Doubt; would be very servicable to him in the Work he went upon.

They set forward on Foot for *Calais*, still keeping an Eye upon the *Diligence* or Stage-Carriage. This served to direct them in their Journey, being both Strangers to the Road.

By the Time they had reached *Abbeville*, which is about half Way from *Paris* to *Calais*, the Fatigue of Travelling, and the Heat of the Weather, threw the poor Priest into a Fever.

Our young Traveller, expecting every Moment to be pursued, had only time to say to the Priest, *Dieu vous bienisse*, and pursued his Journey, till he arrived at *Boulogne*.

Here his Feet being galled with Travelling, he was glad to accept of the Offer of a returned Post-Horse. Upon which he arrived at *Calais*; where he was seized by the Soldiers as he entered the Gates, who carried him before a Magistrate, where he was required to produce his Passport.

It is impossible to conceive the Terror with which our young Traveller was struck at this Demand. He dreaded immediate Chains and Dungeons. He was sure some of his College Friends

Friends had been before Hand with him ; that he was to be carried back to *Paris*, and there undergo all that disappointed Bigotry, in its Rage, could inflict.

In this terrible Condition, being still pressed by the Magistrate to produce some Account of himself, he recollects that he had about him a Letter from his Uncle, inviting him to come to *England* ; he produces it : And the Uncle expressing in the Letter his Thanks to the Professors of the *College du Placis* for the Care they took of his Nephew ; the Governor seeing this, made no Doubt but he came away with the Consent of his Teachers, and dismissed him immediately.

Our Traveller, having no Baggage to inspect, his whole Cargo consisting of a few Livres, a second Shirt, a *Telemachus* and an *Ovid*, was immediately discharged.

He embarks for *England*. But not being able to purchase a Cabin, he is tumbled in among the common Lumber. Hard as his Lodging was, Fatigue and Anxiety soon flung him into a very sound Sleep ; which continued till the Acclamations of the Sailors, for landing safe at the *Tower-Dock* had awaked him ; when rubbing his Eyes, and finding, with great Joy where he was, without further Delay he once more leaped upon *Protestant* Ground. He gave three Springs and a Huzza, and flung what little Money he had, in his Transports, among the Mob. But seeing three Wine-Porters marching towards him, one of them being bare-headed, the Sight of their Surplice and Sleeves put him in Mind of his canonical Friends at *Paris*. He runs into a Barber's Shop to avoid them. The Barber asked, if he was mad ? said, they were no Bailiffs, but some Porters. He recovers himself, begs Pardon, and asks the Way to *Hogsdon*. He is directed to his grand Uncle at the *Royal Oak*, who received him kindly,  
and



and tells him, that his Father the Chevalier was then at *Falmouth*.

Having lately landed from *Portugal*, he writes to his Father, who sends him immediately two Suits of Cloaths of blue Damask lined with black Silk, and embossed with Frogs of the same Colour. The Air and Cut of these Cloaths expressed something foreign, which the Mob, in their great Wisdom, were pleased to call Frenchified.

## CH A P. II.

*A grave Criticism on a very paltry Performance.*

**T**HUS equipped, the young Chevalier travels to the *Borough-Fair*; where he seems an human Exotic in the Eyes of that polite Assembly. They soon saw the Ridiculousness of his Dress, and judged the Singularity of it to be a public Crime, which, by the Law of Nations, the Populace have ever presumed to punish.

Now whether this Incident may not furnish Dints to some licentious Inquirers concerning the real Grounds and true Bottom of moral Rectitude and natural Propriety, is a Question which the curious, at their best Leisure, may please to determine. But why the Fashion of a Coat, for being only a little uncommon, should give such Provocation to two or three thousand rational Beings, in a Land of Liberty too, where every one may indulge his Fancy with Impunity, either in the Choice of his Taylor, or his Parson, is perhaps a Question not easily answered.

A handsome genteel young Man, with a modest and inoffensive Deportment, is made the Butt of Insolence, Brutality and Abuse, in the most mercile's and savage Manner, because he wore Frogs  
upon

upon his Coat, his Hat under his Arm, and his Sword by his Side.

I have seen Turkies indeed set a quarrelling by rubbing a little Mud on one or two of their Heads ; the Parties so marked were pursued by the rest as Enemies to the whole Species : But this let the Moralists clear up. It will be sooner done, perhaps, than our young Chevalier's Coat can be restored to its original Freshness. His Finery is defaced. A very coarse Welcome to his native Country. He draws his Sword, pursues one of the Judges into *Blackman-Street*, who had been the first who gave his practical Opinion against the Drapery above-mentioned. He was not singular. The whole Pandæmonium with Hand and Voice soon seconded his Sentiment.

The prescribed Criminal, with more Frogs on his Coat than he set out with, escapes to the Water-Side half frightened to Death ; takes Boat, and in a Day or two recovers his Reason, and his Cloathing in some Degree.

He takes a Place in the *Salisbury* Coach, his Father having appointed to meet him in that City.

He is stared at again by the Passengers in the Vehicle, who treat him with Mockery instead of Mud, and by a thousand aukward Conundrums, and Bear-garden Railleries, kept pelting him all the Way. He endeavoured to make Reprisals in broken *English*, for he had almost lost his native Tongue, being so long absent in *France*. But this Circumstance was a fresh Aggravation of his Guilt. They talked loud to him, as if he was deaf ; and asked him Questions as if he were an Idiot, wisely judging that good Sense and a good *English* Accent were convertible Terms, and he that wanted the latter, could never be possessed of the former.

There

There was a Parson in the Coach, who advised him, if he went a hunting, to beware the Fate of *Abfalem*, lest, says he, the Branches may fasten in your Frogs, and you may hang between the Heaven and the Earth. To which the Stripling who wanted not a Repartee, and mustering all his little *Englisch* together, answered his Reverence, that *Tyburn* though a smooth Tree and without Branches, might be full as dangerous to a plain Coat and one of his Colour too. A Quaker in the same Carriage, notwithstanding his Gravity could not refrain, with a sanctified Sneer, to pull off one or two of his Vanities, as he called them, saying, They were the Livery of *Satan*, and Shreds of the Whore of *Babylon*.

By the Time he had reached the Inn, the Luxury of his *Corinthian* Coat was retrenched to the Simplicity and Nakedness of the Quaker's own Cassock. His Hair was also a great Offence; the Curls of which, the Quaker said, resembled the Snares of a vile Courtezan, much more than the Ornaments of a manly and rational Choice, advised him to get himself shorn at the next Barber's Shop, and he would lend him his Woollen Night-Cap, till his Hair should grow as grey and as strait as his own.

To which a jolly Gentlewoman with a ruddy Complexion, a little flaked and diversified like Marble, who had no Stays on, answered, Hell's Luck to your old quaking Carcass, can't you let the sweet young Gentleman alone, and be damned to you; and you, you roping old reverend Fornicator, with your dry Rubs and be cursed to you; may be I don't know you: By Jesus, you have not paid for the last Flogging you had at my House, and *Sally Winter* will tear the Gown off your Back, when she meets you next.

The

This unexpected Sally flung a Damp over the two spiritual Prigs. They were more merciful in their Attacks for the future ; whilst Mrs. *Brandy-nose* bullied with her Frowns, but tipt the friendly Wink upon the young Chevalier. In short, she kept the Peace till they arrived at *Salisbury*.

## C H A P. III.

*A mere Salmagundi.*

**H**ERE the young Doctor meets his Father, who stood waiting for the Coach at the Inn Door.

The Lad recollected him more from the Singularity of his Dress, than his Person ; which, however varied in some unessential Modes, yet still preserved an Identity of Character.

He receives the Youth with great Marks of Kindness, which however seemed a little dashed with Discontent. The Lad's Mien and fine Approach to Manhood, alarmed the Doctor. He dreaded, it seems, the Point of Comparison, lest the Lady should make Conclusions to his Disadvantage.

He calls the Landlord and tells him, this is my darling Son, but he is not at all like me ; that long Hair of his has quite disguised him ; I must have it off immediately. The Truth is, the Boy had a very fine Head of Hair, which the Barber, for a good Price, soon cut off. The Chevalier dubbs him in one of his own old Wigs, and cries out, Aye, now you look like a Man. Why, *Jack*, you are as like me as my own Brother ; for that was indeed the Character he would have him pass under.

The

The Doctor's Diamond Cross, that dazling *Insigne* of the Order of Christ, which he put on in *Portugal*, happened to strike the *Sensorium* of a certain reverend Father, an *Irish* Priest, then residing at *Salisbury*, who was retained there by a Group of Neighbours as their private Chaplain. He concluded instantly that the Chevalier was a most zealous *Roman-Catholic*. He gets acquainted with him through Means of the Landlady at the Inn. He tells him he had a private Chapel at about two Miles distance from the Town; to which, says he, several Ladies and Gentlemen, who pretend to be *Protestants* under Appearance of riding out for the Air, or going a hunting, constantly resort. They are grateful, says the Priest, for my spiritual Administrations; and large in their temporal Acknowledgements. To tell you the Truth, most of them are my own Converts; for I am here, my Jewel, upon the Mission. And, though the People are sharp enough in their worldly Concerns, yet they know so little of Religion here of any kind, that they are the easiest Prey I ever met with in my whole Life. I vow to my God, Sir, a Cobler or a Weaver, in the North of *Ireland*, knows more of Chapter and Verse, than the Squire, or the Parson himself, in this Country.

Besides, Sir, a good Make of Person; as for Instance, now I am near six Foot high. You see my Shoulders; and my standing, they are pretty stout, good *Irish*-built Timber, with other Things in Proportion. Ha, my Dear, what will you have of it, Doctor? (for I see you are a Sportsman yourself.) We have Bodies to work upon as well as Mind; and our Instructions of late are very copious upon that Head. By my Soul, I have found it answer better with me, than any intellectual Attempts I was able to make; I mean, Sir, with the Ladies only; oh, understand me right. I mean, the

the Ladies only. I generally make my Way thro' the Wife, to gain the Husband. It is an excellent Medium, and very pleasing in the Practice, I could name you five rich Merchants in *London*, that I have list'd under the Catholic Banner, by Means of these Apostles in Petticoats, their own Wives.

I have now a neighbouring Curate in Town. His Spouse is already in the Pale of the Church, and I expect he will soon follow. I have given him very good Books to read, such as the *Fifty Reasons*, Dr. *Shait*, and the *Catholic Christian*. Oh, the Devil go with that Dr. *Middleton*, he has spoiled my Market with his cursed Letter from *Rome*. By Jesus, it is a very comical Sort of a Book. In it, sure enough, Doctor, there is a great many Things belong to all Things; but 'tis none of my Business, you know, to cry out Whore first.

This Curate has but a very poor Living, that's another strong Motive; and then we have large Collections made among the rich Catholic Families for the Encouragement of Converts. And over and above all this, (among Friends) I doubt, the honest Curate takes very light Meals of Religion of any Kind. He never had a spiritual Surfeit in his Life. He was talking of going over to *Whitefield*. But, I believe, I have given him the Bait; so that he is as good as within my Trap.

I have been very lucky this last Summer in the Town here. I can reckon our Landlady herself in the Number of the Elect. By my troth, she is a kind, believing, good Sort of a Woman in it. But her Husband is a Heretic to the Back-bone. St. *Ignatius* himself could not move him.

My dear Sir, I am to give Mass, with an Exhortation, on *Monday* Morning next, at my spiritual Farm in the Fields, where I should rejoice to see you. Upon my Priesthood, I will introduce and recommend you to many of my Congregation,  
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who are People of Fortune and Family, and may serve you in your Profession ; for I give Sight one Way, and you another.

The Doctor thanked him, but felt an Indignation rise within him. He made some shrewd Reflections upon his Story. His very Blood boiled, to think, that Popery was taking such large Strides in *England*. The Inquisition sprung up with all its Terrors in his Mind. He could hardly refrain from falling foul upon the Priest ; but he checked his Repentments, and promised to be at Mass on *Monday*. But *Sunday*, it seems, happened, a Day that the Doctor distinguished by the Name of *Clamare Oppidum* ; that is, the Day on which he used to alarm the Town. He puts on all his Bravery ; for he made up a dazzling Suit, which, with his Diamond Ring and Cross, rendered him a Rival to his Brother the Sun.

In all this Pomp and Glory, he enters the Cathedral, when Service was about half over ; and pressing up close to the Parson, drew upon him, in an Instant, the Eyes of the whole Congregation. He behaved himself with such Majesty and Firmness, that they took him for some *German Prince*, who came to admire their stately *Gothic Cathedral*.

Service done, he is followed by the Eyes of the whole Congregation to his Inn ; where he had not been many Minutes before he was accosted in a very polite Manner, by a Gentleman resident at *Salisbury*. He invited the Doctor to dine with him ; which indeed he did, and past the Evening in a very elegant Manner. He was regaled by the Gentleman's fine Taste, Wit, and Learning, together with some excellent Music.

In the Evening the Doctor returns to his Inn in high Spirits, being set down out of the Gentleman's own Coach.

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He finds the Priest and the Landlady happy over a Bowl of Punch together.

The Priest immediately expressed his Concern, at hearing that the Doctor had been to Church in such State. He hoped he was a Man of Honour, and would not reveal the Subject-Matter of their last Conversation.

The Doctor assured him, it was his usual Manner of making himself known, that he had a Dispensation for such Liberties, which were absolutely necessary to the carrying on his Business; bid him banish all Suspicion, and drank the Pope's Health in a Bumper.

The Priest took him by the Hand, and said, To-morrow should convince him, how much he was his Friend.

To-morrow comes. The Doctor keeps his Word; is present at the Exhortation and the Mass. The first had such an original Essence of Absurdity in it, and was in every Respect such a compleat Rhapsody of Bombast, Blunder, Nonsense, and the broadest Brogue, that the Doctor could not forbear snatching as much out in Short-Hand, as his Pencil or Attention from Laughter would suffer him to take down.

Father *Pbelim O Comefty*, for that was his Name, having mounted the Rostrum, and crossed himself in due Form, took Notice, with great seeming Humility, that this was the first Time he had the Honour and Happiness to address himself, from the Pulpit, to his beloved Assembly of Catholics.

He was sorry to smuggle out his Benedictions and his Doctrine to them like contraband Goods, as the People run Brandy and Tobacco in *Ireland*, at the Risque of their Necks. But, says he, *St. Patrick* himself was persecuted for the Truth, and stolen Waters are sweet.



Ah, ah, my Beloved, I cannot but weep, when I'll think of that unfortunate Hill of *Croß*, a Keel near *Kells* in *Ireland*, where I'll use to shilebrate *Mafs* for those *Nagures* formerly ; those *Nagures* will not allow me a House over my Head, nor a Pulpit for put my Foots in ; but the *Craws* and the *Fowls* of the *Va-ley* coming siteing, siteing down upon myself, and my Books in it.

*Viſtoria ! Viſtoria !* My Beloved, I have gained the *Viſtory* over the *World*, the *Fleſh*, and the *Devil*, and these *Nagures*.

Here some unruly Woman began to titter, and ask *Questions*.

Upon which Father *Phelim* rebuked them with great *Wrath*, and said aloud, that *Lotifb's* Wife was turned to a *Pillar* of *Shalte*, for one *Look* about *Quara* ; for why ? *Urroo*, because, says he, she was *Curioſhity*, like the rest of her *Shorte*, and after a *Pause* he went on.

The *Tix* for this *Day*, he being *Eaſter-Monday*, is write in the ten and twenty *Chapter* of the holy *Gospel* according to *St. Sbobe*, in the eleven and forty *Verses*, you'll found um this *Way* : *Hes pour me out like Water*, says he, and *he's cruddle me like Sheefes*. *Hes pour me out like Water*, says he, and *he's cruddle me like Cheefes*.

My Beloved, I muſt remember you, by *Way* of *Explanation* upon my *Tix*, that there is three ſe-veral *Sorts* of *Sheezes*, for be conſhider here is,

*Fiſt* and foremoſt, There is your *Crame Sheefe*, that is one. Oh that is a very fine *Sheefe*. Your *Crame Sheefe* will contain in himſelf the *Quintef-ſence* of all *Sheefes* ; for af you'll hold him with the *Fire*, he'll melt in *Grace*, and he'll riſe in *Glory*. By the *Crame Sheefe*, is as much as to ſay, the holy *Roman Catholic Church*.

*Sbecondly*, There is your new *Milk Sheefe*. It is no very bad *Sheefe*. It is the beſt of the bad *Sheefes*.

Sheefes. For af you'll hold him with the Fire, he'll melt in Grace; but he will not rise in Glory. Ah, no, he will not rise in Glory. By the new Milk Sheefe, is as much as to shay, the Shurch of *England*, or that Way.

*Thirdly* and lastly, There is your skim Milk Sheefe. Ah, that is a very bad Sheefe. It is the worst of the bad Sheefes. For af you'll hold him with the Fire, he'll neither melt in Grace, nor rise in Glory. Ah, it is the Milk of these wicked black Goats, that shall stand at the list Hand at the Day of Judgment. By the skim Milk Sheefe, is as much as to shay, the blue *Presbyterian* in the North of *Ireland*.

But the Person that we will commimorate this Day, is now of these three sheveral Shorts of Sheefes. Arrah no, he is the true *Mullabane*, which above them all is the best. Euara for why? Urroo, because he's make of Cruds, as you'll found him in the Tix—He's pour me out, says he, like Water, and he's cruddle me like Cheefes.

When *St. Anthony*, of *Padua*, was travalling with his Foots upon the Ships of the Sea, the little Fishes will peep their Heads up out of the Water, to heard *St. Anthony* of *Padua* preach. But the Heretics is worse than the Fishes, my Beloved. They will not listen to the Voice of their Catholic Mother, when she cries out, *Whil al illo*, and claps her Hands, to bring them Home again. Urroo, no, they will spit in her Face, like wicked Children as they are, and kick the poor old Matron out of Doors. But the Catholic Shurch, my Beloved, is like a common Mile Bog, the more you'll shit upon her, the faster she'll grow.

Now the *Protestants*, that is to shay, the Heretics, whose Religion did begin with *Luther* and *Calvin*, they'll shay, that we should not worship Angels, nor their Shaints, nor their Shaint's Pictures

And to prove their Ashirshon, they'll brought you a Tix out of or, *Exodus*, where he'll write, Love God alone — Dher \* Dhey it is there sure enough. But what will we say in Answer to that again? He's write in the holy Gospel according to St. *Tobit* — Love me, says he, and love my Dog. As naff he did say, Love, God, love his Angels; love his Angels, love his Shaints; love his Shaints, love his Shaints Pictures, as you'll found him in the Tix — *He's pour me out like Water*, says he, and *be's cruddle me like Sheefes*.

And now, having sufficiently proved what I was about, I cannot but commiserate the Case of the poor Catholics. Just as we were going to gain our own, and Prince *Charles* was bringing the Heretics all over to the holy Mother Shurch, the Duke of *Cumberland* — augh bad Luck to his Breed; God confound his Body and Shoul, what Business had he to *Scotland*? though, by Jesus, he's a brave Soldier too. But what fraids upon we? the Pope he'll pray for us, Prince *Charles* will relieve us, and his Grace the Duke of *Tyrconnel* he'll fight for us.

*Judas Mac Awee* was a stout Warrior. So was *Shesar* and *Alexander the Great*. But, I vow to God, there was none of them all to be compare with his Grace the Duke of *Tyrconnel*. Ah eh yeyeh †, yonder he shits, God give you Grace thereon to look.

How my Heart bounces against my Ribs with Joy, my dear little Cluster of Catholics, to find us all here together. The best Part of you are the Plants of my own Rearing, in a backward Climate and a barren Soil, where the North-East Wind blows all the Year, blasting the Catholic Blossoms. But the holy Virgin, through Means of her pious Daughters, has raised up a Shelter here, at *Salisbury* hot Beds. And where I Father *Pbelim O'Connell*,  
though

\* By God. † Oh my God!

though unworthy with the Sweat of my Brow, and the Work of all that is manly in me, or without the toiling with Mind and Body Night and Day, to cultivate, refresh, and multiply those orthodox Trees, that will, one Time or other, I hope, help to wainscot the *New-Jerusalem*.

Thanks to your Aid, my beautiful Daughters, through which I can do much. You feel, with a corresponding Pleasure, the Labour and Success of my frequent and fertile Endeavours. The Progress is precious to you ; and you meet my Mission with all the Energy and Warmth that my Heart could wish. You are my Fellow-Labourers in the Church's Vineyard. Your Watering-Pots refresh the Roots, and give Growth to the Branches. Your Eyes are the Suns that ripen, and your Hands direct the shooting out of these Catholic Saplings. My Zeal works with you, as did of old the Sons of God in the Daughters of Men, and shall bring forth Giants in the Faith.

Take then, my sweet Apostles, my Sisters in the Lord, my Helpmates in the good Work ; take then my bodily Thanks, and my spiritual Benediction. The whole man is yours, and all his Faculties ; every Inch of him your own ; and you deserve him all. Look round you, with Triumph, behold the Harvest you have gathered, the Sheaves you have bound with the Ligaments of Love, to fill up the Church's Granary, and preserve the orthodox Seed for Generations to come.

Oh, you Angels in Petticoats, Words are too little to tell you how I love you. The largest Measure of my Deeds fall far short of the Feel I fain would give you of my infinite Gratitude.

But Breakfast now is ready. So wishing you all a good Appetite, and that you may get safe Home without the Heretics Notice. For, by my Shoul, *this Whig Wind* will soon brought a Shower. And

now the Bill hook he's lay with the Arse of the Oak ; and where the Tree will fall, there he'll stand. And if Death will come, and shoot you through the Liver, your Gall will broke, and your gone for ever : Which that you may all be, *Pater noster, Ave Maria, &c. &c.*

When this elegant Harangue was over, Father *Phelim* introduces him to his Friends ; where the Chevalier was astonished to meet with several Faces he had seen but Yesterday at Church.

They are all invited to Breakfast in the Priest's Refectory ; where the Curate's new-converted Spouse performed the Part of Mistress of the Family, and behaved with particular Civilities to the Doctor.

She was young and handsome. The Chevalier thought he should reclaim her ; and that very Instant formed a Plan to counterwork the Priest. He returned to *Salisbury* and takes no Notice.

#### C H A P. IV.

*The Reader of Taste shall judge of the Catastrophe.*

**A**ND now the Chevalier, like *Cæsar* at *Rubicon*, feels a strange Commotion within him. Affection, Resentment, Glory, and Revenge are now at Loggerheads for Mastery. Affection to the Church established, in whose Cause he had suffered so much Resentment, for the Rapine committed on her sacred Pale, by this salacious Wolf of *Rome*, and then the Glory of a great Revenge had swallowed up his Mind.

He ruminates and turns it over within. The Parson's Wife too stimulates his Virtue ; she must be rescued. The spiritual Knight-Errantry comes strong upon him. The Curate's Consort ! no bearing

ing that, so near related to the Church, and so attractive too — the Scandal that must follow ! Her Husband is indeed but a puny Man ; the Priest a perfect Stallion. But he would measure Swords with him. He had fought a good Fight, made many Converts — she should not thus be lost — the Ministry might reward him — but Virtue pays herself.

Thus agitated in a patriot Storm, and walking pensive in his Chamber, he is invited by the same Gentleman, who asked him on *Sunday* to Dinner, to pass the Evening with him.

Here he found an excellent Concert of Music, which that elegant Connoisseur gives once a Week to his Neighbours ; as also several of Father *Phelim's* Congregation, together with the half-converted Curate, and his whole converted Wife. The Priest himself appeared like a Colonel of the Guards.

They are finely regaled by all that Wit, Taste, Learning and Hospitality can bestow. For the Master of the Feast is himself a Banquet, and has entertained the Public with his excellent literary Performances.

They break up at twelve. The Doctor, the Priest, the Curate, and his Wife, repair to the Inn ; where they all intended to lodge. The Chevalier prevailed with the Priest and the Curate, to taste a Glas of fine Burgundy, which, he said, was presented to him by a noble Lord in the Neighbourhood. They take a chearful Cup, and the Ladies, I mean, the Hostess and the Curate's Wife partake their Portion, with Singleness of Heart, and then retire.

The Chevalier, who sees the Window of the Soul with the Eye of a Lynx, imagined, nay more, was very sure that a Cartel was now settled between the Priest and the Curate's Consort, for his Attention

tion was turned that Way; when presently the Priest withdraws, and soon after enters the Landlady like a clucking Hen, with a Mixture of Tenderness, Resentment, and Concern. She looked, and moaned, and pecked, and fidgeted about, as if something, that she liked very much, was going wrong. The Doctor too became uneasy; and, by a kind of Infection, caught Hold of the same Symptoms. The Hostess goes out. The Doctor quickly follows, and as quickly returns. He seizes the Curate by the Hand, and leads him to another Chamber, where the treacherous Hostess was standing at the Door, and holding up her Hands and Eyes in great Agony. Now, Sir, says the Doctor, see what a ghostly guide you follow.

They enter, when lo! the Priest was in the very Fever of his Mission, lecturing to his Convert, the Curate's Wife, in all the Fervour of emphatic Zeal. The Style and Manner had struck the Curate to the Soul. He cries out, Villain! Traitor! what do you in that Place?

To which the interrupted Casuist, panting with Impatience, and perhaps a little Fear, his Hands being busy in restoring a few Proprieties: I say, in this Confusion, the Priest, after fetching Breath a little, answered, What do I do in this Place? Why, my Jewel, says he, we are taught by our Philosophy, that a Body must be always in some Place, The loco-motive Powers are very arbitrary; and the Body in this Case, is merely passive, when the point is spiritual.

At this the Landlord enters. O damn your Doctrine, Sir, you have been preaching to my Wife too, your loco-roguish and your spiritual Points, you Spawn of *Babylon*; I'll spoil your Market. Go fetch a Constable.

At this the guilty Levite, flinging himself at the Chevalier's Feet, cries out for Mercy, puts  
him.

him in Mind how frankly he disclosed himself to him, and begged of all Pity to let him escape with Life. As to the Landlord, he would stop his mouth with a Purse. The Curate was ashamed to prosecute; for the Priest had whispered something in his Ear. In short things were so ordered, that Father *Phelemy* and his Horse were soon missing.

This Affair made, in some Sort, a new Scene necessary. *Oxford*, that celebrated Seat of the Muses, was the next Stage on which the Doctor performed a Part. He sends his Harbingers before him. His Bills are distributed. He promises a public Lecture on the *Thursday* following. And having the nicest regard to Propriety in all his public Proceedings, he was determined to dress for the Character he was to appear in before that learned Audience. He bespeaks a Suit of Black; which being brought to him on the *Monday*, he thinks them not full breasted enough, so sends them back to the Taylor, with Orders to make the Breast more full and handsome. The Coat is brought the second Time; but the Doctor complains of the Cut; says the Cloath is not well matched. In short, he hires a Landau and six Horses, sets out for *London*, has another Coat made there. Thus did he put himself to the Expence of two Coats and a half, a Landau and six Greys, and a Journey to *London* and back again, merely to give a Lecture *gratis*, and that by Candle-Light too.

He appears in his Sables at the Place and Time appointed. He talks of the Eye, that most astonishing Organ; laid open and explained its curious Contexture and wonderful Form, which made the young *Oxonians* stare: For the Doctor unbuttoned the Eye, as he called it, with as much ease as his Waistcoat.

C H A P.



**T**HE Eye, says the Chevalier *Taylor*; most illustrious Sons of the Muses, most learned *Oxonians*, whose Fame I have heard celebrated in all Parts of the Globe; the Eye, that most amazing, that stupendous, that comprehending, that incomprehensible, that miraculous Organ; the Eye is the Proteus of the Passions, the Herald of the Mind, the Interpreter of the Heart, and the Window of the Soul. The Eye has Dominion over all Things. The World was made for the Eye, and the Eye for the World.

My Subject is Light, most illustrious Sons of Literature, intellectual Light. Oh, my philosophical, metaphysical, my classical, mathematical, mechanical, my theological, my critical Audience, my Subject is the Eye. You are the Eye of *England*.

*England* has two Eyes, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. They are the two Eyes of *England*, the two intellectual Eyes. You are the right Eye of *England*, the eldest sister in Science, and the first Fountain of Learning in all *Europe*. What filial Joy must exult in my Bosom, in my vast Circuit, as copious as that of the Sun himself, to shine in my Course, upon this my native Soil, and give Light even at *Oxford*!

*Let there be Light*, that first *Fiat* of the Almighty, and *there was Light*. For whose Use, I pray? For the Use of Man, for the Use of the Eye. The Angels wanted it not; the Sun was kindled,  
the

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the Stars were lighted up; the grey Dawn and the milky Way, the Constellations, the Morning Planets, and all the bright Chandeliers over Head, were all hung out, rank and file, to minister to this little Speck, this Peep-hole of the Mind, this Inlet of the Soul, this Surveyor of the Universe, this Lord of all Things, the Eye.

The Eye is the Husband of the Soul; through it she conceives, becomes pregnant, and brings forth Knowledge.

Amazing how such large Objects find a Passage through so small an Aperture. Bodily Conceptions are generally the Works of Darkness, where the coarse Sense of Feeling alone is gratified; and on one Side, alas! how suddenly cloyed.

The Eye is indefatigable. The Eye is an angelic Faculty. The Eye, in this Respect, is a Female. The Eye is never tired of seeing; that is, of taking in, assimilating, and enjoying all Nature's Vigour.

All Nature is but one great Act of Love. The material and immaterial World conceive and bring forth together. The other Senses are the Soul's Gallants, such as Hearing, Feeling, Smelling, and so forth; with which she intrigues a Moment or two, and then returns to her lawful Husband the Eye.

The Children got between the Soul and the Eye, are legitimate Nature's genuine Issue; some of which can only with herself expire; the Brats of the other Senses die as soon as born.

In corporal Generation too, how powerful is the Eye! It is the Signal of the Affections; and with a single Glance, can proclaim the Pulsations of the Heart. It is the Lightning of Desire, and the Loadstone of the Soul; whose magic Effluvia inchant the Imagination, attract the Coalitions,  
irritate

irritate the Muscles, stimulate the Nerves, and brace up the whole Apparatus of Propagation.

The Eye is, in some Sort, the Purveyor, or, as others waggishly call it, the Pimp of the soft Passion, which provokes and brings Parties together to a certain Rencounter, and then is ashamed to look on.

The green Mantle of the Earth, the azure Night-Gown of the Sky studded so thick with Gold, the Trees, the Flowers, and the Gardens, the Gems, the Carbuncles, and even the Diamonds themselves, [here the Doctor made a fine Display of his Cross, and Ring] begot by Nature in the secret Womb of Earth, are all brought forth by the Midwife Industry, are all polished to the purest Ray, to entertain, to regale the ravished Eye.

All that is luminous, all that is graceful in Heaven and in Earth; nay, Beauty itself, that seraphic Circle! that clustered Constellation of human Cherubs, the Ladies themselves, were created, or rather copied from the Angels, to give the Eye Delight beyond Expression. The Ladies were made for the Eye; for the Eye first, and then for the Soul, and then for something more substantial. Body and Soul are both due to the Ladies, these Divinities on Earth, who return the Offerings they receive with tenfold Interest, and overwhelm the Worshipper.

We owe the Ladies to the Eye, those Transcripts of the Angels, those Specimens of future Bliss, those Fountains of Joy, those Dainties of Desire, those Cordials of all human Care, who people the Earth with their Energy, and the Sky with Inhabitants; these Patterns of Purity and Love, these Master-Pieces, these lucky Hits of Heaven are the finest Regale for the Eye of  
Man,

Man, where it feasts upon the Ruby of the Lip, the Vermillion of the Cheek, the Snow of the Forehead, and the Cherub in the Eye ; and yet even these are but the Signs, the Invitations held out of that extatic, that Soul absorbing — But Language is too weak.

All that the azure Vault on high, the rich Mantle of the Earth below, the Gardens, the Groves, the beautiful Flowers, the Quarries of *India* can produce, all Nature's richest Cabinet of Treasures, with ten thousand superior Attractives, shine forth confessed in them. They are the Abstract, the Quintessence, the Miniature of all that is charming and good. You see it, you feel it ; your Looks, your Breath, your Colour, your whole Persons elated, distended, erected, expressed, nay proclaim their magic Empire, their enchanting Dominion over the Heart of Man.

This is the greatest Good the Eye can give us. Without the Eye what were all this amazing World of Charms ? A meer Mouthful of Moonshine, a Sheet of blank Paper, a Candle in the Desert ; for my Lady is no more than *Joan* in the Dark.

What an Orator is the Eye ! that Short-Hand, that Cypher of the Soul, whose single Glance conveys a Volume.

The Tongue is an upstart, a tedious Intruder, a limited Prate-roast ; who speaks the Language of a single Kingdom or County perhaps, and that but poorly too. Words are an artificial, tedious, contracted obscure, and imperfect Commerce, a Kind of *Hocus Pocus*, a juggling Compact, agreed upon by a few, and understood by fewer still ; a Messenger sent a round-about Way to the Understanding, through a certain, dirty, winding, Canal ;

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nal; where a little Wax can stop its Career, or a paltry Fibre unbraced, destroy the whole Business.

As far as the bungling Productions of human Hands are inferior to the exquisite Works of Nature, so far is the Faculty of the Eye above that of the Tongue. How many Ages old was the Creation before that *Babel*, that Jargon of Sounds, called Language, was sent among Men as a Curse?

The Eye is the Orator of Nature, and talks the Language of the Universe, of all beneath the Moon, of all above it: It talks the Language of Heaven too: It renders useless all Sounds, except the tender Moanings of Lovers, those turtle Coosings of Desire, those nameless Throbbings of Fruition; these, these are the genuine Dictates of the broken Raptures of the Soul, which she scorns to shape into Words; nor can she lose Time in so base a Labour.

The Eye is the quick Flash, the instant Lightning of the Piece. Language is the shot that loiters after with much Noise indeed, but seldom hits the Mark.

O ye Sons and Daughters of *Minerva*, ye Children of Wisdom, ye Offspring of *Oxford*, how precious is the Eye! To it we owe the literary Treasures of the East. The sacred *Arca-num* of the *Hebrew* Ark are all laid open to the Eye in the learned Pages of Antiquity; the Cadmean Character, the mystic Type, the classic Stores of *Greece*, the *Ægyptian* Hieroglyphics, the *Roman* Medal, and, what is worth them all, the encountering and the yielding Glance, the liquid Lightning and the trembling Orbs, the melting Crystal and the shooting Soul; these, these the ravished Eye drinks up, investigates and makes its own. The magic Pencil's mock Creation, the glowing

Canvas.

Canvas and the impassioned Tinæ, the Hero and the Lover, *Lebrun's* young *Ammon*, *Cæsar* in the Senate-House, and Master *Francis Haymon's* amorous Nun and Friar, that savoury Rencounter, that lusty Duel, that Manhood stirring, that luscious, melting Preparation. How like a Fool the frigid Virtuoso gapes at a Distance on the Workmanship and Colours, till by Degrees his creeping Blood is quickned in its Course, he finds the Subject stimulate his faint *Sensorium* more and more; nor is his Head alone affected: He feels a short Relapse of Youth alarm his lazy Mass, with something of a Solid Symptom; the Picture and his Passion still grow warmer; his Spectacles fall off; he presses nearer to the kindling Canvas with dazzled eager Eyes; he mutters as he moves, and huzzles up his Drapery. The youthful Parson goes away from hence with Loss; his Virtue is impaired. The Alderman himself looks silly. *Chartres*, no doubt, would wish to come from the Grave again, put on some Churchman's newly-buried Coarse, and beg of Mr. *Richard Eagle* to pimp him to the Picture. What are the Memoirs of a Nymph of Pleasure, when compared to this? You see it all, you feel it all. The *Frenchman* and the *Russian*, the *Highlander* and *Turk*, the *Dutchman* and *Hibernian*, all Nations are equally inspired at this School of Virtue and Vigour. We owe *Frank Haymon* to the Eye, and to the Eye we owe his Picture. Thither, that is, to the Eye, do all Desires rush, as to their native Banner. 'Tis there, in the Eye, that the Soul is visible. Affection, Hatred, Fear, and Anger, are much more ancient than the *Hebrew* Tongue, and Passion gets the Start of Language; the Sentiment but echoes back the Look.

You

You all have seen a *Garrick* ! seen him as ; you've seen his Air, his Look, his Eye, his Frown, his Brows ; you've marked, you've felt the striking Nitch or two between. There Terror takes his powerful Stand in silent Gaze, with tender Pity weeping at his Side. There every Line is eloquent as Death. What is then a *Tully's* Tongue compared to them ? or what *Demosthenes* ? or he, much mightier than them both, mightier far than *Greece* and *Rome* together ; he, the Saviour of his Country, that Thunder-Clap of Eloquence, that Friend to Virtue, *Britain's* Patriot-Orator ; whose Words, though dreaded, are his least of Terrors ; his Country kindles in his awful Face, and flashes from his *British* Eyes ; his dauntless Brow makes *Europe* tremble ; in every Feature *England's* Interest is expressed, and *England's* Power ; his very Look has killed Corruption ; his Frown has vanquished *France*.

We owe these energetic Virtues to the Eye. We see, we feel, we bless his matchless Powers. Posterity shall, Ages hence, with grateful Hearts wipe their venerable Tears away ; the hoary Sire shall slow ascend, with trembling Knees ; the Basis of his sacred Pillar shall ardent gaze upon the God-like Form ; the powerful Patriot, in the expressive Stone, animated still, with *England's* Glory, shall survey his Attributes with beating Heart, embrace the counterfeit Preserver, and read the immortal Epitaph. Posterity shall thank the Eye for this.

How precious is the Eye ! Of what Importance is its Office ? How deserving is the Art that keeps its Springs in Order, and preserves the Interchange of Office betwixt the Works of Nature and the Soul ? Mind and Matter are kept in constant Traffic by the Eye.

The

The three mortal Foes to Sight (my learned Sons of Wisdom) are the *Glaucoma*, the *Cataract*, and the *Gutta Serena*; with these I wage eternal War. These Auxiliaries of ancient Night, that would restore her gloomy Reign, and bring back Chaos to the World once more.

My Art, O ye Sons of *Oxford*, my Art is the Ally of Heaven itself, and aids even the Almighty, obeying still, and still performing the omnipotent Behest, *Let there be Light*.

I counterwork the Powers of Darkness. I chase away the clouds that blot the intellectual Hemisphere. I restore the Stars of Beauty. I let out the Sun of Science. I enlarge the imprisoned Soul. I have trimmed the Lamp of Truth with fervent Zeal, through all my Travels. I have propagated Truth divine. I have cleared up the Eye of *Infidels*, of *Jews*, of *Pagans*, *Turks*, and *Papists*. I have brought over Numbers by Dint of downright Reasoning, and repeated Toil, to the pure and reformed Pale of my indulgent Mother, the Church of *England*. I have made Proselytes at the Peril of my Life, and gloried in the Danger.

In this my favourite Operation, my Art, my Instruments are mighty; the Senses and the Judgment are the Points I work upon; there I lay out all my Force, appealing to the Convert's own Conviction. My Labour has not been in vain. I have brought forth Fruit. I have rescued some beautiful Recruits from the very Bosoms of rampant, rich, old Cardinals, and popish Archbishops, from under the eyes of watchful *Jews*, and dreadful *Turkish* Bashaws, *Rome* herself has felt my forward Zeal, and all the Nunneries have trembled. I seek no Reward, my Conscience beareth Witness.



As to my other Province of giving Light, there I have been well rewarded. The Registers of Fame are full of my Report. The Courts of *Europe* and of *Asia*, have emptied out their Coffers on my Merit. Their Wealth, their Favours, and their Marks of Honour, have been showered down on me. I bear about me the bright *Insignia*, the shining Testimony, and the sacred Marks of Honour, of Title and Esteem, Distinction without Precedent, and Wealth beyond Example.

The Chevalier *Taylor* has travelled like the Sun. His Fame has travelled faster. What Continent, what Island, what City, Town, or what Village, hath not heard and seen him? The Prisons, and the Inquisitions too, have had him; for Life, alas! is chequered. Envy, and Malice has pursued him. Envy, that Monster, that mortal Foe to Merit, met him at each Turning. The rancorous Faculty, whetted still their Tusks at my Success, in *Europe*, and in *Asia*. This devilish Pest will prey upon Deserts, in the utmost Limits of *Siberia*, with Tooth as terrible as at *Paris*, or at *London*: For my Merit have I suffered much, but for my Principle much more. My Zeal has led me into Labyrinths of Sorrow, where Fortune long has hid the Clue.

In *Holland* was I three Times pumped for my Life. Three Days and three Nights was I buried in the Depths of Darkness and of Horror in the same Place, by an unrelenting cruel Jew; for I had gained over his favourite Daughter.

Near to *Paris* was I dragged through a filthy Horse-pond, by savage Russians, for the same reforming Spirit; with many Stripes and Bastinadoes then and there endured.

In a Garden of the City was I well-nigh worried  
by

by a furious Dog, whilst I waited for a charming Convert, that, in a Basket from a Window, came sliding down the Wall.

Five Times was I way-laid in my Journeys, by wicked Churchmen and their bloody Bravoës; three Times three Wounds excepting one, from these Villains have I received, with sad and sore Imprisonment.

In *Portugal*, O horrid Thought! the infernal Inquisition; for I had made a Brace of Profelytes, a Bishop's Mistress and a Leech's Wife: There the fearful Inquisition opened wide it's Jaws, and I was almost swallowed up; but a noble *British* Hand, with powerful Virtue, set me free: I lost my Converts, but I saved my Life.

In *Dublin* was I bastinadoed with a Spit, which had thereon at the very Time, a roasted Leg of Mutton; and that by a bitter *Papist* Landlady. Ah sad Remembrance! the Congregation all beheld it, and I can shew my Face no more.

At *Manchester* I suffered Martyrdom, when *Jenny Cameron* was my Point; but Punishment, alas! my bitter Lot. O *Peter Abelard*, the Image of thy Fate stares dreadful on my Memory. The mimic Process was then as painful as the true one, and the Villain *Richard Eagle* laughs me still to scorn. What multiplied Fatigues that fatal Accident hath cost me, in Order to retrieve my Character! What Certificates have I not worked for, both in *France* and *England*, at the risk of Health, and with severest Toil; nay, sometimes with the greatest Peril! What a Loss, a real Loss, did the Church alas! sustain in my fictitious Depravation! That was, no doubt their View, in that atrocious Deed; but why they stopped short, Providence, and the Guardian-Angel of the true reformed Faith can only tell, who held, no doubt, their horrid  
Hands

Hands in that tremendous Moment. 'Twas then the Friend of Truth had like to bleed ; but Nuns and Mother Abbesses have since borne Witness to my miraculous Escape. The Enemy themselves must bear me Witness, that my Faculties of strong Persuasion, and my casuistic Talents are all entire. My Zeal is whetted by the Rubs I have met with, and a keen Resentment shall edge my strong Integrity. I shall on with double Vigour, nor shall be long a Burthen to my Profelytes. I shall hasten to Conviction. They must a while sustain the Weight of my pathetic, and my feeling Topics. That Process must be carried on. The Convert, like the Patient, must endure a while the Needle. The Operation must be undergone ; it shall be speedy.

The Foes in this Department of my Province, who impede my Progress most, are obstinate old Age, blinded Bigotry, spiritual Pride, and a frigid Constitution. But, as I said before, my Apparatus here, and my Medicines are mighty, my Success is equal.

My other Antagonists, that black Triumvirate so often mentioned, who form themselves against me, in my Dominion of the outward Orb, I mean the *Cataract*, *Glaucoma*, and the *Gutta serena*. These I have encountered, as *Cæsar* did the three Nations of the *Gauls*, with Danger and with Hardship often, when Nature and the Foe had joined against me ; yet still, like him, I proved invincible ; like him I conquered all ; not without Loss in these severe Recounters. Some few, indeed, were blinded, like the Grains that perish in the Earth, to bring forth in proper Time a mighty Harvest.

All Climates of the World have reaped the Benefit. The Extremities of Nature, the torrid, and the frigid Zones have been fertile to my Will.

And

And where the Sun himself had lost his influence, the Chevalier *Taylor* was confessed illustrious.

It is with virtuous Pride, my learned Countrymen, that I recount the Wonders of my Art, to you my Brother *Protestants* and Fellow-Citizens.

It is not boasting. Were I silent, the Hills of *Sweden*, the Towers of *Asia*, the Snows of *Greenland*, and the Sands of *Afric*, would all cry out with one united Voice and Language.

But the Retrospect, I own, is more than human Meekness can sustain. It oversets Philosophy; had *Socrates* himself Ballast for so strong a Gale? What are the Conquerors of the Earth, who laid the Nations waste, and canceled the Creator's Image in the human Species, when compared to me?

These Plagues, these Earthquakes, these Pests, of the World, whose mad Ambition led them to destroy. Let there be Desolation, Dearth and Darkness, was their destructive *Fiat*, the Tyrants were obeyed.

Let there be Light, and Joy, and Truth, and Freedom, is my boasted Motto, and lo! my Friend, these Blessings follow me.

A Torrent from the Mountains, roaring down the Rocks, and rushing through the Vales, that sweeps off Houses, Men, and Animals, before it, into one compleat Destruction. Some Capital in Flames at Midnight, whose monstrous fiery Volumes seem to lick the Stars. When Temples, Theatres and Palaces; when all the Toil and Pomp of Ages, are in a Moment, brought to nothing.

These, these are magnificent Mischiefs, dreadful Beauties to the astonished Eye. Such, such, my learned Friends, such are mighty Conquerors among the human Kind; a bountiful, prolific  
Spring

Spring that issues silent from it's native Rock, to refresh the fainting Traveller, and fructify the neighbouring Glebe ; whose gentle Current gathers to a River in its Course, and passes with benign Effect through many a Province.

An hospitable, chearful Hearth, a kind directing Candle, a Beacon on a Hill, or the Sun himself that Parent of all indulgent Births. Such, my learned Offspring of the Muses, such is *Chevalier Taylor*, when compared with Conquerors.

I should now proceed to lay before you the different Combinations, Force, and Alliance, of these three Antagonists to my amazing Powers of giving Light. I mean, the *Cataract*, *Glaucoma*, and *Gutta serena* ; as also my invincible Method of Cure. But that, my most patient and most enlightened Audience, I shall reserve for a future Opportunity, when the learned Faculty at *Oxford* shall be fully satisfied, and the Profound of every Class shall subscribe their willing Assent to the unparalleled Merit, and unwearied Virtue of the illustrious *Chevalier Taylor*.

## C H A P. VI.

*Honesty's the best Policy.*

AT *Oxford* he went on with his wonted Success. But not content with a moderate Share of Fame and Profit, he unluckily had Recourse to a certain small Contrivance, called Cunning, Stratagem, Expedient, Chicane, or what you will. But through an irksome Fatality, which often sticks to that refined Way of thinking, his Project of increasing his Wealth and Character, had the contrary

trary Effect with a Witness, and made him little indeed.

He had got acquainted with the Master of a certain Inn near *Canterbury*; who being a silly, credulous Fellow, and dazzled by the Doctor's shining Outside; though at that Time the Chevalier's Finances were a good deal disordered, and he had lived a whole Month, himself and Retinue, at the Inn, without ever asking what was to pay.

In this Interval of empty Pocket, he put on all the Appearance of Wealth and Consequence that is natural to a Man of Quality and Fortune.

In short, he managed Matters so with his believing Landlord, that the Fellow was persuaded to sell off all and follow him in the Character of his travelling Apothecary; which indeed he did. The Doctor mean while took him in as his Partner in the Cash which his (the Landlord's) Effects had produced. And who so great as the Chevalier and his Apothecary?

He rode about with the Doctor, in his Coach and Six; whilst the Landlord always paid the Reckonings, who thought himself highly honoured by the greatest Man in the World; for so the Chevalier seemed in his Eye. But Cash running low, the Landlord was forced at last to alight from the Coach, and trudge it, like another Apostle, on Foot, whilst his Housekeeper *Rachel*, for he had no Wife, filled up his Place in the Doctor's Carriage by Day; and it is said, that she returned him the like Civilities at Night.

Our Landlord now like a strolling Comedian, was obliged to act more Parts than one, in the Doctor's *Drama*. The Character of a blind Man was sometimes upon him: A Character which he performed so well near *Canterbury*, with both his Eyes open, as the Doctor merrily used to tell him.

In this Part he appeared at *Oxford*, with every Requisite to impose. He was lectured by his Master, and often rehearsed to Admiration. Nay he performed in Public at *Bury-St. Edmonds*, and at *Tunbridge*, with great Security to himself and Applause from the Doctor.

But *Oxford*, it seems, was a little too sharp sighted for his Juggle. He pretended to follow the Chevalier to that City as a Person of some Consequence.

He came attended by two Servants ; and another Gentleman, his Friend, giving out that he traveled from *Berwick-upon-Tweed*, for the Benefit of the Doctor's Assistance.

He sets up at the same Inn with the Chevalier, who examined his Case with much Parade, and promised him, he should see in a short while, as well as any Man at *Oxford*.

The Gentleman seems highly pleased, and promised to reward him liberally.

A Day and Hour are appointed for the Operation. The Faculty are invited to be present ; and much ado is made about it. But the same squint-eyed Destiny that had so often elbowed the Doctor out of his easy Chair, was now once more at Hand, and played him a troublesome Prank indeed, as the Reader shall soon discover.

It happened that an *Oxford* Scholar had an Intrigue with the Man's Daughter at the Inn, where the Chevalier and his Patient had put up ; who coming a little too soon to wait upon his Mistress, was shut into a Closet, till Opportunity, in the Shape of a Hand and Key, should let him out again. This Closet was divided by a slight Partition from the Room in which the Doctor and his pretended Patient had supped together ; where  
the

the Chevalier lectured upon him with great Exactness, and gave him some fresh Hints and useful Instructions for his Conduct on the Morrow, which was to be the Day for the appointed Operation.

Now it happened that the imprisoned Gallant in the Closet, not only heard, but also saw every thing that was done and said by the ingenious Actors in the next Room, and took his Measures accordingly.

It seems he overheard the Patient inform the Doctor, that he was apprehensive of an Arrest the next Day for a Debt due to a certain Maltster in his former neighbourhood, near *Canterbury*; a surly Son of a Whore that would give no Quarter. Nay, says he, I had Notice of it, and Master *Jack* has been talking to the Catchpole at the *Angel-Inn*. He is a thin, tall, black Fellow, in a red Rug Sur-tout, and short Cut Wig. He has a long, crooked Nose, and a Patch upon one Eye. If he should find me out, we are all undone.

Pshaw, pshaw, says the Doctor, hang his crooked Nose and scarlet Rug. I'll awe the Rascal with my Diamonds. My Cross shall put him out of Countenance. I'll dazle him to Distraction, and frown the Vagrant into *Bedlam*.

The Scholar noted all, and, 'tis conjectured, let Miss *Cherry* into the whole Secret, in return for some Things she had disclosed to him.

## C H A P. VII.

*The Reader, in the following Chapter, may meet with something that will make him laugh and stare at the same Time.*

THE Morning, and the Hour appointed which was eleven of the Clock, are both arrived.



The largest Room in the House, is, by this Time, crouded with the best Company in *Oxford*; none being admitted without a Ticket. The Tickets were prudently disposed of. Dr. *Frewin* and the Faculty were not forgot. The Ladies to be sure were there.

When all was settled, the Doctor leads in his Patient with great Ceremony and Address. He places him in an Elbow-Chair facing the Door. And then he opens the Process in a very learned Harangue upon the Nature of his Disorder.

For, says he, this Gentleman has been blind from a Child of two Years old. 'Twas neither the Small-Pox, or Measles, or any other accidental Cause, that occasioned this Misfortune. No, learned Gentlemen, it was a spontaneous Slip of Nature herself, in her Progress towards Maturity.

Nature, no doubt, is a very skillful Lady in the Means. But, Sirs, she now and then commits a few Blunders by-the-by. Nature has many Mistakes in her Productions to account for. Nature alone must answer for these Bungles. Nor do I suppose that her Betters overhead had any the least Hand in them.

This is an early Instance of her Backslidings. She journeyed here in the Morning Twilight, and stumbled near the Threshold. I was intended, no doubt, to correct her Mistreadings, and finish up her imperfect Essays.

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a Case that was predestined to do me Honour. This Case has baffled the Learned of all *Europe*.

The Gentleman has travelled in Search of Relief. He has pursued me from Pole to Pole, as I have

have done the Sun, without being able to overtake me any where but at *Oxford*.

*Oxford* is the happy Theatre, Ladies and Gentlemen, on which this important Scene shall be performed. This is the Meridian of my Glory. Here I shall demonstrate my amazing Skill, to be superior to all the Artists in the World.

And to you, Gentlemen, the brightest Luminaries on Earth, this Truth shall soon be manifest. The Ladies themselves shall bear me Witness. They'll rejoice to see the Eye restored, that Soul of all their Charms. Blind from a Boy, Gentlemen and Ladies : Baffled all *Europe* for Years together.

Now, now, my better Genius, now is the critical Moment. Ladies, look sharp. This, this is the Touchstone of Chevalier *Taylor's* Glory.

Now or never, you Gentlemen of the Faculty, put Prejudice out of Doors ; let Truth and Candour only enter here. Now begins the important A&, now Truth and Light shall soon appear.

Sir, not a Word upon these Occasions ; steady, Sir, not so much as wink ; not a Word for all the World ; steady, Sir, steady ; keep that Posture fixed ; 'tis but a Moment. *Fiat Lux, let there be Light* ; now or never, steady, Sir. When lo ! the Spectre in the scarlet Rug and short Wig, with the crooked Nose, came stalking into the Room ; and in its Hand there waved a Scrawl of Parchment.

The Patient starts and stares, and cries out, Blood and Murder ! The Bailiff, Sir, the Bailiff ! I see the Patch, the Nose, and all.

The Doctor is a perfect Statue at this Blow, meer Marble to the very Back, fixed as Ice. The Audience are bewitched, amazed. The Bailiff clears up all.

The Plot is now unravelled. The Doctor and the Patient both are blasted. They rushed down the Stairs together ; they mount without their Boots ; they gallop off like Furies. *Oxford* is quickly left behind. The Audience at the Inn are basking in the Joke ; they faint with Laughter.

Never had solemn Play so short a Farce ; but the Impression lasted longer than the Scene, by Fancy acted every Moment, Reflection still kept up the Jest. The Scholar throws his Mask aside ; for he had put on the Bailiff meerly to oblige the Company. He tells the whole Contrivance with redoubled Fun, and sends them home all laughing.

The Doctor and his Patient are got as far as *Woodstock*. It was there they first drew Bridle. Never did *Sancho* and his Master make so scald a Figure. They leaned in silent Dumps a while, and stared at one another, like the Figures, at *Moorfields*, of Rage and Grief.

But the Doctor could no longer hold. He eyed his Cross, and that, alas ! was covered over with Dirt, disgraced, undone. Oh curse you, *Nicholas Cottier*. Yes, you are now revenged for house and Stables. It was a cursed Revenge. What Corner of the Globe can give me Shelter ? The World will shut me out. Oh, blast you, *Nicholas Cottier*, the Maltster and the Bailiff too. —

Oh worse than all I've yet endured, than Horseponds, Pumpings, Fumigations, Inquisitions, all, all are Honey-combs to this. This Gall is bitter at my Heart. Perdition on thee, *Nicholas Cottier*, a Cheat, a Rascal, an Impostor, all *Oxford* knows it. Should *Harlequin* steal Crutches, should *Sampson Gideon* pick a Pocket, should *Garrick* pilfer *Rafcius*, should *Pit* purloin from *Tully*, should *Taylor* ? where, where were then thy Spots, oh Sun ? Thine Eye should then be patched ; or thou shouldst play at  
Hide

Hide and Seek, Moon. Confusion to you, *Nicholas Cottier*, what Horse-pond now, what Pump shall wash me clean? Not all the *Baltic*, and the Ocean joined.

Where my Art and Eloquence had dazzled, to turn a Rascal, Smugler, caught in the Fact, and caught at *Oxford* too. Oh, burn your House and Stables, my Diamonds now are dimmed. The Sun disowns his Brother. The Faculty, the spiteful Faculty will build an Arch with *Taylor* on the Top of it, like a Madman gnashing on the Roof. Quack and Liar are now my black Additions, Thief and Rascal. Not a Word of Comfort, *Nicholas Cottier*.

Why, zounds Sir, I have listened all this while. The Waiter thinks you are crazy. You've met with Rubs as bad as this before I saw you. Where's the Use of Raving and Stamping, like a mad Actor. Here, Boy, what's in the House for Dinner? Damn it, Sir, don't give all for lost. I must confess, I was surprized; I smelt the Bailiff as he entered; my Eye was opened by my Nose. I'd rather face a Battery of ten thousand Devils than one Bailiff. Oh they have haunted me for Years. What Course do we steer next? This Harbour was a rough one.

To *Norwich*, says the Doctor. Oh, I am like the hunted Hare, after all my Turns and Windings. Misfortunes drive me to my Form at last, I there shall find a Cover. But step and hasten Dinner. Oh, curse his House-keeper, 'twas she brought all upon me, I should not else. But here the Fellow comes. —

Your Philosophy, as they call it, is of no Use to you, Sir, quoth *Nicholas Cottier*; nay more, your long Experience. The Widow shall cure all again; she lives not far from *Norwich*.

Aye, *Nicholas*, say you so, quoth the Doctor, not far from *Norwich* ! We must both get into Mourning. My Wife, you know, is dead at *Paris*. *Jack*, my darling Son *Jack*, he must put on a Frock and Weepers.

All's one for that, quoth *Nicholas*, *Jack* will soon be here. Come, Sir, a Bumper to the Widow ; oh, she'll do the Work. Fifteen hundred Pounds *per Annum*. What's the *Welch* one compared to this ? She'll lick us whole again ; she'll polish up your Cross. Let the Faculty go whistle. I say again, the Widow's Health.

Oh, Horses at the Door. Aye, 'tis *Jack* arrived from *Oxford* ; right enough. Here's every thing we wished for. Oh aye, the Landlord's Cousin ; what's here, the Bill ? A very Trifle. 'Tis a lucky Escape, by *Jove*. What have we now to do ? Oh, you've dined, have you, *Jack* ? Come, there's the Money, Friend. Doctor, I see some *Oxford* Scholars, we had best be stirring. They look a little comical. Here, Boy, a Bill. I don't admire their Faces.

Nor I, Friend *Nicholas*. Death before a Fumigation. There's something in the Wind. Their Looks are terrible. My Measure is not yet full, what still must follow ? Affliction is my Lot on Earth ; but *Nicholas*, I am prepared. How like a Swarm of Bees they thicken in my Eye. *Nicholas*, we had best be stirring. A Fumigation or a Blanket. Snatch me from a Sight like this. The whole Hive is here, Drones and all ; I shall be stifled, stung to Death. Zounds, Man, call our Horses ; get a Landau ; any thing to bear me off. *Jack*, you Rascal, *Nicholas*, you'll be peppered too ; call the Hostler. Aye, they're coming in, they're all upon us. My Horses, *Jack*, I say. Oh, they're gone up Stairs. This precious Moment must preserve me.

me. Damn you, *Nicholas*, where are the Horses?

Here, Sir, at the back Gate. There's a thousand black Coats in the House. Mount, mount, for Heaven's Sake; now whip and spur, *Jack* and I shall follow. And follow soon they did, and galloped on towards *Norwich*.

The Doctor still imagined all *Oxford* at his Heels. When he came in Sight of *Norwich*, he felt his Mind recoil upon him. He surveys himself and then his Train, and then he calls to Mind the Figure which he made in his last Visit to that City. He suffers in the Comparison. It was the Reverse of what the Patriarch *Jacob* felt in his Return to *Padan-aran*, attended by a Multitude.

This cursed Association, this Likeness of Ideas, so *Locke*, I think, calls it; would I could forget it. No foreign Minister made a brighter Entry into *Paris*, than I at yonder Gates; three Hundred in my Train. My Equipage, the Coachman indeed was a little tattered, but for the rest, no Duke in *Christendom*. And then my Wardrobe, *Jack*, for you remember it. What Wardrobe? I have no Wardrobe now. My Mother's little Shop.

O Heart-breaking Thought! how like a Thief I look? And, *Nicholas*, you and *Jack*, make but a sorry Figure. Oh, must I then remember it? What a Falling-off is here! I will not enter in by Day-light, that's poss. The Sun shall not behold my rascal Plight, hunted like a Highwayman. All *Oxford* in full Cry. You set that Chase afoot. Confound you, *Nicholas Cottier*, you ride too fast; 'tis yet an Hour till Night. Her sable Mantle shall befriend me. Two Days are past, since I left that dreadful Town behind me, that *Oxford*, and still the horrid Image haunts me.

But where's this wary Widow, *Hudibras* himself? Oh this damn'd Appearance! — *Nicholas*,

say how far from hence — Yes, we'll all put Weepers on; that, that's the best Apology. Our inky Coats shall blot the Truth, and cheat the very Sun at Noon.

Stop at that paltry Ale-house. — Zounds they know me there too. The Sun loiters in his Speed meerly to torment me; it never will be Night; but stop I will.

And stop they did, and had a Bacon and an Egg a-piece. The Doctor smoaked a Pipe, and catechised about the Widow. *Nicholas Cottier* answered every Question. The Sun whipt on his Horses, and hid his Head behind the Hill.

Now came cloudy Evening on again. They mount their Palfries, and marched through the dark Cope of Night, to the very Gate of *Norwich*. Nor did they stop even then. The Doctor rid on further with slouched Hat; and at the Inn the most retired, he drew at length his Bridle.

A chequered Retrospect of Things employs his mental Eye. But *Oxford* blackens all. The Widow whitened Things a little. And *Nicholas Cottier* held her still to View.

Supper now is done. And, by Way of small Desert, they order up a Taylor — Here; take Measure; put us all in Mourning, dark as Midnight, Sirrah; keep stitching till the Morning, you and all your Covey, Rascal; let me have them on at Dinner. Call in twenty more such Vermin as yourself; swarm your Garret. Your own Price, you Tadpole; spare no Cost. By my Cross and Titles, I dine not till the Mourning is brought me. Hence, you Varlet, ring your Goose about for Taylors. Not a Nose shall snuff the common Air, till all these Sables are accomplished; not a Sash shall stir till then. Get Close-Stools to your Chambers, &c.

lie hid like Moles. Let Darkness be your Curtain. Darkness shall reveal you too ; Darkness visible.

But let us talk about the Widow. That *Oxford* will intrude. I wish the Devil had its Steeples, Bells and all. Drink the Widow, *Nicholas Cottier*. My Wife is dead at *Paris*. We are all in Weeds for her, a Month or two. She's dead ; you can swear it, *Jacky*. Aye, she is dead indeed. — Fifteen hundred Pounds *per Annum* ; you said so, *Nicholas Cottier*.

This Mourning is unlucky. My Person will not strike ; but my Armour must be black.

What both asleep, you dull Companions ! Snore on, for I have another Part to act. An Insurrection keeps this Watch awake, and troubled Fancy tolls the passing Hour. To-morrow will come ; that Thought has planted all my Pillow. A thousand Thorns, a Grove of Sharp Afflictions shoots up there. The Root of all is *Oxford*. Might an Earthquake swallow up my Grievs and it together ; to the Center sink them both. My Heart-felt Woe and *Oxford* — How sweet they slumber ! — 'tis a Year till Morning. — This Widow goads my weary Spirits, and *Nicholas Cottier* feels it not. —

Expelled from every City, by one damned Chance or other. *St. Paul* himself was persecuted. — No Principle can plead at *Oxford*. Religion there affords my Crime no Cloak. I'm naked there to every Scourge of Fortune ; a Trickster and a Rascal. Oh, it gnaws me to the Quick — How sound that *Cottier* sleeps. Well, Honesty after all. His Head is on a downy Pillow — His House and Stables sting me. — Oh for a Draught of deep Oblivion *Leibe*, *Garrick*, drench me there. How shall I cheat this tedious, irksome Interval. A small Intrigue might help to shove it by ; and lo ! the Lafs and Warming-Pan, perhaps she may  
take



take Pity on me ; 'tis their Nature to be kind. Her Eye proclaims her charitable ; and, I think, I feel myself an Object. Oh, Fortune, grant that she may think so too.

But what avails this dull Soliloquy ? I will keep the full Extent of all my utmost Claim. I must keep stirring. I believe the Thing will answer. The shortest Way's to try two Arguments. I have my Purse and my rigid hard Condition. A strong Alliance, if my Skill don't fail me.

Well these Women are a lovely Opiate. This Girl has lull'd my Cares already. *Nicholas Cottier*, do thou snore on. Snore on, my darling *Jackey*, the Consort doth amuse me. I shall not interrupt the Harmony. Another music now invites me. The Instruments, I hope are all in tune : Mine, I'm sure is ready ; and as Things have gone, it is in Truth a Miracle. No Philosophy can sooth like this. This is my Moorings and my Anchor, my Cable and my Compass. When all Things else have failed, this Friend, this trusty Friend has served me. Your Dreams, my Friends, may give you Joys ; I'll bid for waking ones. *Morpheus* shed his softest Dews upon you : *Nelly* now and I must traffic.

With that the Doctor marched into his Bed-Chamber ; not empty handed to be sure, that had been a wretched Method. Tradition says, that *Knel* consented to assist him ; and that their joint Endeavours made the Night seem shorter.

The Morning came at last. The Doctor first was up, and roused from his Pallet Mr. *Nicholas Cottier*.

*Cottier* grumbles, between Sleeping and half awake,—My Curse may light on Doctor *Taylor*, cheated of my House, my Girl, and Stables.

Why

Why, hang you, *Nicholas*, what's the Matter ? Is this Time to scratch and grumble ? the Widow, Man, will bring us all about again. I had a tolerable Night on it. *Nick*, get up, and order Breakfast ; but not a Word of me, dumb, dumb as death, till the Mourning is arrived. O this tardy Taylor ? Is the Widow, fair or black, *Nicholas* ? I have dreamt a Dream. I fancy we shall have her ; fifteen hundred Pounds *per Annum*. My Dream was very promising. This *Nel*'s a merry Bedfellow ; she kept off *Oxford* and the Devil. The Widow's tall and slender, with a *Roman* Nose and little Eyes. If my Dream says right, her Hair is a little sandy.

By the Lord, says *Nicholas*, you have drawn her Picture ; the Widow to a Tittle. But have you never seen her, Sir ?

Not I, by all that's amorous.

And will you give me back my House and Stables, says *Nicholas Cottier*, leaping up with Joy ? and shall I be once more a Landlord ? A Fiddlestick for all the Faculty. Who cares a Fig for *Oxford*, your Guardian-Angel—Doctor *Taylor* is made up for ever ! and *Nicholas Cottier* shall again cry coming, Sir. A *Roman* Nose and little Eyes, and then the sandy-coloured Locks : promising Marks indeed ! excellent Tokens of a mettled filly ! she shall be mounted and that soon too. But are you sure your Wife is dead ?

Dead and damned too, *Nick*. The Hufsey died a *Papist*, among the Friars, Man, at *Paris*. She is up to the Chin in Purgatory, dead enough I'll warrant you ; they'll hardly bring her back with all their Masses. She's provided for in t'other World, at Bed and Board till Doom's-day. She'll never forbid the Banns, I promise you.

Give

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Give me your Hand, says *Nicholas Cottier*; by the Lord, there's something more than Smoke in this. Had you any Talk together?

O yes, we danced together, *Nicholas*, at a Ball; a crowded Ball. She was dressed in White.

Better and better still, quoth *Nicholas*; we'll strait set off. Oh she lives but—a Curse upon this Mourning, I'll run to the Taylor's, Sir.

Not a Jot by all that's comely, not an Inch beyond the Threshold, to gain the Widow and her Jointure; no, not the Bank of *England*, *Nicholas Cottier*. What transgress the sacred Law of nice Propriety! appear without any Sables! Forbid it Taste, forbid it Honour. No, *Nicholas*, I'd sooner go back to *Oxford* and to *Dublin*. Not a Visage shall be visible, till the Taylor sets us free; the Rascal must be quickened. But here comes *Nelly* with the Breakfast.

Hah, my little Chick. Aye, draw that Table near the Fire. Come give me the Toast and Tackle. Where's this sleepy Rogue, this *Jack*? That's my Darling, place it there, my Chick. How do you like her; *Nicholas Cottier*? Come buss, my pretty Chum, as sweet as moist as ever. Another. Hah, my Chick, we'll set off for *France* together: You love travelling, don't you, *Nell*? But where's this Looby *Jack*? You like the Dream, you say.

Aye, sure, says *Nicholas Cottier*, the Dream is worth a Million. But here comes Master *Jacky*?

Sit down, you lazy Lout. How long you lie in Bed. *Jack* grows taller, don't he? Mourning will become him. This *Oxford* begins to vanquish from my Thoughts. The Dream you say is lucky. I think I see her now before my Eyes; such a deep Impression. 'Twas no common Dream I'll  
swear

swear it. Something sure will follow. A Plague upon this *Oxford*, it will relapse a little; but the Rascal Taylor.

This Interval 'will jade my Spirits. *Nelly*, take these Things away. What think you, *Nicholas*, of a Game at Draughts?

Any thing to kill a Moment. Back-Gammon, Sir, says *Nick*? Shall I call for Tables. It is by much the better Game. 'Tis noisy, and I like it for that Reason. A silent Game is like an empty Inn. O I hate the very Thoughts on't. I vow to God, 'tis dreadful. Come slap dash, have at you.

And so they fought till Dinner. *Jack* sat looking on. The Taylor twice is summoned to appear. But Dinner's on the Table. That Act is over, and the Scene's removed. The Doctor drinks the Widow, and *Nicholas Cottier* pledged him in a Bumper.

The Taylor enters with the Shades of Night, and made the Dark still darker. He had employed, he said, an Army of Veterans in the Doctor's Service; fifty Warriors with their pointed Steel, who tossed the shining Bar.

And now the Doctor, *Jack*, and *Nicholas Cottier*, are equipped in all the Mockery of Woe from Head to Foot, compleatly fitted out to play their Parts the following Day.

The Doctor sallies now abroad, And in his Train went *Nicholas Cottier*. *Jack* was near him on the other Side, and a Brace of Footmen followed close behind.

With this rueful Equipage he marched onwards to his Mother's Shop. But in his Way was joined by many. He thickened as he went. His Friends came flocking round him. Ten thousand Welcomes and a few Huzzas now make his Spirits dance.

dance with Joy. He promises a Lecture, and Bills are printed in a Hurry. His Levee is increased. The Blind in multitudes are groping round about him. He triumphs in the Sight, and cocks his Hat at *Oxford*. The Widow kept her Ground within his Mind; his Heart is fixed on her.

He pays his Visits and prepares his Lecture. Bills are sent about to all the neighbouring Towns, and a mighty Fuss is made. The People crowd about his Lodgings, expecting Miracles from his Hand.

A certain Farmer is restored to Sight by him. This happy Hit made all his Puffs canonical. They thought him more than man. The Farmer paid him twenty Guineas, and every thing went swimmingly on. *Nicholas Cottier* chuckled up a little: And *Jack* began to look about him. The Footmen too had Hopes. His Fortune seemed to take a Turn: And nothing now but Joy was talked of.

The Lecture is at Hand; and Syllabuses swarm the City. A numerous Audience is expected. The Ladies far and near are quite impatient—The charming *Dr. Taylor*, he is an Angel of a Man. Lord, how fine he talks!

At eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, the Day being *Saturday*, our Chevalier ascends the Pulpit, and there was a glorious House indeed. He mounted, it is true, in black; his Coat was of that Colour; his Ring and Cross were bright as ever; his Eloquence was critic Proof; it dazzled and instructed.

The Chevalier, from his Meridian, shot abroad his Lustre. His Air and Action ravished all the Ladies. How like a Lord he looks! Few Lords are like him. Oh the shining Cross how bright it beams by Day. His Ring is like a Glow-Worm;

but his Person the Reader may imagine, how the Doctor's Pulse went pit-a-pat. He was now a pure Enthusiast; not a Scrap of him who fled from *Oxford*; not an Atom of that Scoundrel was in the Pulpit now at *Norwich*; another Being filled the Mourning Frock, it was a *French* one. His Morals, like his Person, put on a borrowed Dignity. Nothing little seemed to live about him; at least the Ladies thought so. He saw their Sentiments, he read their Eyes, he caught the fierce Infection, he kindled at the Blaze.

Now, Reader, let us think a-while together, but not sleep upon the Subject, though a drowsy one. Let us talk of Dreams, for Dreams have something wonderful in them. I know the Fashion is to laugh at Dreams. Perhaps it is a right one. In the general, no doubt, it is. But whether any Exceptions may be made, is, I believe, another Question. Facts, like Mules, will stand between the Cart and Wall; they never yield an Inch of Ground to Ridicule or Sophistry.

That common Dreams are merely Things of course, the very Animals may shew us. Dogs, Birds, and Horses, are known to dream as well as Men. But that their Dreams are Prophecies too, is a Point no human Search can, I believe, ever find.

Some Dreams, as *Homer* says, may come from *Jove*. But come from where they will, the Doctor now is thunder-struck. His Eyes are fixed on Vacancy; at least they seem to be so fixed. The Man is quite absorbed; he stands, he stares, he calls for *Nicholas Cottier*. *Nicholas* is at Hand, and to the Doctor offers up a Cordial. He puts it by with his Diamond Finger, and still his Eyes are fixed. The Audience all are fixed on him; they stare with Grief and Wonder. His Eye is  
fixed.

fixed on one, Oh, *Nicholas Cottier*, look, look there! Is not that the Widow?

The Widow, Sir, for Heaven's sake, where, where?

By the Lord, 'tis she. Oh, take me down then, *Nicholas Cottier*. Say, it is a sudden Fit. But mark her well, and tell me where she lodges. Some Angel has done this — The fifteen hundred Pounds a Year — As sure as Death I have her. Mark her Lodgings, *Nicholas Cottier*. I must grow worse; so take me down, and call a Carriage.

The Doctor still grows worse; and *Nicholas Cottier* tells his Friends, his Life's in Danger.

The Congregation is alarmed. The Ladies all express their Sorrow. A Surgeon offers his Assistance. But *Nicholas Cottier* carries off his Friend in Haste, and leaves the Audience in a Pother.

The Doctor seizes *Nicholas* by the Hand. Zounds, I am now as well as ever. Have you found her Lodgings out? Was ever such a Vision? I find I am the Care of Heaven yet; 'twas Inspiration. *Nicholas Cottier*, find me out her Lodgings.

The very Woman to a Hair. It is a Match already. We shall sling the Stocking to be sure. She struck me like a Spirit. But, *Nicholas*, find me out her Lodgings. I shall haunt her in my Turn. It was a glorious Apparition. A Bottle of Sack or Burgundy. *Nicholas*, we must drink the Widow. You shall have your House and Stables. *Nicholas Cottier*, thou art an honest fellow. The Dream's a good one. Here, here's her Health; come, fill it up; you must find her Quarters, my Mind tells me, Man. Zounds, it was a lucky Stroke. I shall have her. Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year are mine. You shall have the  
House

House and Stables. Come, drink another Bumper, then turn out and reconnoitre. Let me know what People say concerning this my sudden Fit. I never did so well in all my Life. 'Twas a happy Interruption. I shall mount again To-morrow. The *Oxford* Business may now be damned. Money *Nicholas*, is the grand Cosmetic: It takes out every Stain. This shall be a joyful Night indeed. *Nelly* shall fare the better for this Business; the *Hussey* shall be glad. The Widow's very tall. Damn it, *Nicholas*, I like her Nose and Hair. *Mary* Queen of *Scots* exactly. I'll be bound she's Game, Aye, she came to Town on Purpose. The greatest Creature in the World. My Cross and Ring, *Nicholas* how they spangle? I'm quite another Thing. Her Teeth are very white. Her Eyes indeed; but I shall mend that Article. I'll teach them to look soft. They'll melt at my instructive Lecture. Let me alone, for that; the Eye is my peculiar Province. I like her looks extremely. She fastened on my Person. I thought her Eyes would eat me. I'll hold ten thousand Guineas that she dreamt of me: *Nicholas*; as sure as Death she dreamt of me: It is a Match-making Dream, depend on it; a charming Go-between. But has she Children, *Nicholas Cottier*?

Not one alive, by *George*; all interred and gathered to their Father. The Stage is clear.

Say you so! By—then sure as Day I mount it. Let me alone to act the Part. I wish the Curtain now was drawn. *Nicholas*, you shall have your House and Stables. The Widow and I shall inn with you. Get again your House-Keeper. We shall ring the Bells for you. But, *Nicholas*, beat about, and bring me in what News you can. I long to know what People say.

He



He scarce had spoke, when half a Dozen Gentlemen came into his Apartment; who seeing him in such a lively Plight, expressed their Satisfaction, for they thought the Doctor had been ill.

One of them, a Physician, felt his Pulse, and asked him if such Fits were frequent with him. But, says he, you are now as sound as any Man in *Britain*. And I insist, Sir, that you sup with me to Night; you and all this Company. Nay, no Excuses, Doctor.

With that they seized him in a friendly Violence, and to the Leech's House they carried him *Vi & Armis*.

The Ladies were just set down to Tea. The Doctor's Fit was coming on again. He felt about for *Nicholas Cottier*; for who in very deed should front him, as he sat at Table, but the identic Widow? There she was. And here the Doctor trembled. The Widow too had changed her Colour, and certain Symptoms seem to tell her Case.

The Doctor saw and believed; and muttered to himself: Yes, she had her Dream; she's as much alarmed as I am. Oh, it is an honest Dream.

In short, the Chevalier summoned up his Courage, and shone away extremely. His Wit was Rival to his Cross, and flashed about much brighter. The Ladies are amazed. The Widow was struck dumb. The Doctor had her in his Basket. She is fairly brought on Shore. The Doctor still grew brighter. The Widow yields at Mercy. At least, the Chevalier, from certain lucky Omens in his Favour, concluded all was snug.

The Widow and he exchanged a Shot or two together. She hoped, he was not often troubled with those ugly Fits, that robbed them of so fine an Entertainment this Morning. She said it was an envious one. She wished the Ladies in particular  
could

could sue it at Law for Damage, she would gladly subscribe her *Quota*. And she was sure not a single Lady would refuse.

To which the Doctor answered, That though that slight Visit was the first of the Kind which he had ever received, he could not forbear thinking the Fit was his Friend, since it helped to conciliate the Attention to him of so many beautiful Objects. And the Damage, as she politely was pleased to call it, should, he hoped, be suddenly repaired: For he proposed to finish his Lecture on *Monday-Morning*; where, Madam, If I am happy in any Excellence, it will be due to your Presence.

The Widow blushed and bridled, and after that she looked a little silly. The Doctor saw and rejoiced, and set it down within. Then leaning back to *Nicholas Cottier*, by the living G—d, she's fixed; but this was in a Whisper.

But, to make the Story short, they passed the Evening very pleasant. The Doctor returns with *Nicholas Cottier* to the Inn, and finished the remaining Part with *Nelly*.

The Morrow being *Sunday*, the Chevalier went to Church in all his gloomy Pomp; and ordered Matters so, by the Assistance of *Nicholas Cottier*, that he sat in the same Pew with the Widow. Where he was not idle, but exchanged many silent Vollies with her; Glance for Glance, like Lightning, was still exchanged. The Thunder was yet to come. The Bolt stood ready to be shot; and only waited for the priestly Word.

He dines at the same Table with her. The Business now went Whip and Spur. But *Monday* is arrived, and the Doctor mounts again the Ros-  
trum.

Reader, take this along with you, that for the Space of four-and-twenty Hours, the Town of  
Oxford

*Oxford* never came athwart him once. To which Negation of his Grief, and the Widow's Presence put together, we owe, in Part, the dazzling Beauties of his Ring and Lecture. His Hand and Voice, like the Bell Rope and the Sound, gave such Harmony to Eyes and Ears, 'twas hard to say, which pleased most, the Music or the Ringer. The Diamond here indeed comes in for Snacks, and did as much, perhaps as either. But among them all, the Thing was excellent.

We have said enough before about the Eye at *Oxford*, therefore shan't at present parcel out the Matter. Besides there is a Time to come, in which that Business shall at large be handled. Let it suffice, that his Townsmen were in Transports; and who so much rejoiced as *Tabitha* the Quaker's Relict, for she was there, and heard and saw herself, unseen, unheard by Doctor *Taylor*, for he had other Fish to fry.

He was always with the Widow and *Nicholas Cottier* was not idle.

He meditates a small Excursion to the Country. The thing was planned by *Nicholas Cottier*. The Reasons that induced him thereto, shall, in their proper Place appear. Mean while there is a Ball to be held in Honour of the Chevalier *Taylor*. The Place is in the Town-House.

And here let Sceptics and Free-Thinkers learn to tremble, nor carp at Prophecies, nor laugh at Dreams. No Argument like Matter of Fact.

The Widow was in white, arrayed from Head to Foot; her very Buckles wore that Colour. For *Nicholas Cottier* took his Oath on it, before that Infidel, 'Squire *Chubb*, at *Salisbury*.

The Doctor saw the bright Appearance, and all the Dream came rushing on his Soul. He doubted if she was not more than Woman, she looked so  
like

like an Angel; but he as black as *Lucifer*. That Moment her Jointure did not strike him; her Person and the Dream had seized on all his Mind; her Fortune was forgot; that Moment he stood abstracted from himself; and *Taylor's* Heart was honest: His Virtue like the Fashion takes Delight in Change. The Doctor's Virtue was of the Ague Kind, the cold fit kept the longest.

The fifteen hundred Pounds a Year again bore Sway. He dances with the Widow to the very Tune he dreamt of, and every thing was fulfilled.

*Nicholas Cottier* capered on the Floor for Joy, and clapped his Hands together.

The Doctor is a compound of great and small; and as we said at first, a Co-incidence of all Extremes. In him we find the Oculist; in him the Juggler; in him we find the Orator aloft, and on the Floor the Dancing-Master. The Doctor moved with better Grace than most of them. His Air was tinctured with the Foreigner, which made him visible in all his Motions. The first Figure in the Groupe; he was sure to strike you. He knocked down all at *Norwich*. The Widow's Heart had taken Shelter in the Citadel; I mean, her Pride; for all the Outworks were demolished. The Doctor gained them all. His Dancing drove her to the Arsenal; and even that was not likely to hold much longer. The Doctor's Petards would force a Passage.

In a Word, she told him where she lived, and invited him to call upon her. She understood he meant to take a little Country Air, and her House, she said, afforded a charming Prospect.

The Doctor makes his Bow, and promises to visit her.

*Nicholas Cottier* is invited too, and so is Master  
Facky.

*Jacky.* The Bowl went smoothly over the Green, and took the proper Bias.

The Chevalier becomes religious; for truly this was something more than common. A Hand invisible had brought this happy Thing about. This, says he, is the Work of Providence, the Reward of my Zeal to the orthodox Communion of the Church of *England*, my honoured and spiritual Mother. My sufferings for her Sake, I knew, would be rewarded. A Miracle is wrought to make me happy. You know it *Nicholas Cottier*, the Widow too has dreamed, if I stand before you. I'll hold you half her income, the Widow was inspired. 'Tis not yet the time to ask her, but dream she did, as sure as you are waking. What say you, *Nicholas Cottier*?

Dream or not dream, the Work is done, quoth *Nicholas*. Remember, Sir, the House and Stables. The Widow goes away To-morrow, won't you see her out of Town, Sir?

See her out of Town! Aye, *Nicholas*, to the World's End. We must get ready and attend her; why not all the Way? we will do nothing, *Nick*, by Halves. We will escort her to her House; we'll cross the Threshold. Give me once but Footing in her Palace, and leave the rest to Fortune. We'll increase her Equipage. Let *Jack* get ready.

Accordingly the Doctor and his Train surprized her on the Road. She traveled in her Coach and Four. The Doctor was on horse-back. But managed Matters so that he took his Seat under the Shelter of her trundling Canopy. Master *Jack* and *Nicholas Cottier* rode on either Side of the Carriage. The Footman joined the Widow's in the Rear.

And

And now the whole Proceſſion was drawing near the Caſtle. It ſtood upon a Hill, and made indeed a fine Appearance. *Nicholas Cottier* chuckled at the Sight on't.

To make the Matter ſhort, they're all arrived. The Doctör and the Widow enter firſt, Maſter *Jack* and *Nicholas Cottier* follow in the Train; the Footmen wind up all.

And here the Doctör fixed his Foot upon the Widow's Jointure-Land; and here the Anchor of his Hope was caſt. No Univerſity called *Oxford*, was then on Earth; no Fumigations had Exiſtence, no Sir *Goddart* ever went a hunting; no Pump, no Spit, no Horſe-pond gave Annoiſance.

*Ulyſſes* now is landed, and all the Voyage is forgot. The Widow opened her wide Doors, and Hoſpitality had Elbow-Room.

The Doctör ſtill is gaining Ground, and *Nicholas Cottier* dreams of Thouſands. The Wedding-Day is now in Meditation. The Doctör drove on Jehu-like. Delays are dangerous. The Widow ſeemed to put a Price on Time. She knew that Life was fleeting, and fain would catch the happy Hour. But Felicity on Earth (we meddle not with Things above) is indeed an intermittent. Happineſs, like a drunken Fit, is ſure to bring its Plague along with it. Why, Reader, the Doctör's Foot is in the Stirrup, ready to mount the Saddle of his high Ambition. But Envy, that infernal Jilt, has caught his Skirt behind, and pulled the hot Aſpirer down.

Some meddling Fiend at *Norwich* had ſent a Whiſper in a North-Eaſt Wind that reached the Widow's Ear, the Burthen of which Meſſage was, that the Chevalier's Wife was as much alive as ſhe.

This was a Stab indeed, that massacred immediate Matrimony ; the bloody Hand unknown.

The Doctor calls for *Nicholas Cottier*. Oh, here's the Devil come again, *Nicholas*. Read that Letter. The Widow is alarmed. What Remedy on Earth can save us, *Nicholas*? Will you swear? An Oath on this Occasion is nothing. You saw her Funeral, yourself a Mourner?

Who, I, says *Nicholas Cottier*? Zounds! you say she died in *France*. I never saw the Country but from the Cliffs of *Dover*. Sure she is dead and buried. I thought you said, she boarded at an Inn called Purgatory, where no Bill was made till Doom's-Day.

No Joking now, by Heavens.

I wash my Hands on't, if she's living. You said, she died, and died a *Papist* too. These Priests can raise a Spirit. Remember, Sir, I wash my Hands on't.

*Nicholas Cottier* will not wrong the Widow. This affair looks comical.

I tell you once again, I wash my Hands on't. If she is above the Ground, I mean your Wife, Doctor where are you? I'll run my chance without you, turn Ostler, Tapster, any thing rather than—Doctor, send away to *Paris*, and have an Answer; let us know the Truth: Till that is done, though I han't a Shilling, *Nicholas Cottier* shall forbid the Banns.

Thou silly Puppy, quoth the Doctor, don't you know the Act of Parliament? Duplicates are mortal, Tyburn and two Wives. Pshaw, you Block-head, but *Jacky* shall set out To-morrow for the Capital of *France*. He will bring us an Antidote for Scruples. He shall cure your Doubtings. Under Hand and Seal the College shall confirm it. Aye, *Jacky* shall be gone.

And

And go he did with Instructions from his Father, that if his Mother was indeed alive, he should not, by any Means, appear to her, but procure, for Money, a false Certificate of her Death, which must be signed with the Names of the principal People in the Neighbourhood where she died, especially the Priest and Officers of the Church where she's interred. All this one Livre will accomplish, by going to a proper Person for that Purpose. There is a Notary *Norwich* Man, who went from hence for Robbery. He lives near the *College du Plessis*; his Name is *Harrison*. Give him this Note and a Guinea, *Jack*, the Work is done. Consider, you Rogue, the fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, you shall have your Horse and Hounds, and Frogs upon your Coat again. But haste, my *Jacky*, haste, you must travel Day and Night, 'tis but five hundred Miles from hence to *Paris*; no more indeed, my little *Mercury*; you'll fly it back and forward in a Trice: Remember *Harrison*. But if your Mother is indeed in Heaven, which I greatly doubt, then you may go honestly to work, and there's an End. But haste, my Boy. So bless thee, *Jacky*.

*Jacky* travels off to *Dover*, and quickly trod on Gallic Ground. Away he scours from *Calais*, impatient to arrive at *Paris*.

He journeys in Company with an *English* Nobleman, who sailed from *Dover* in the same Ship with him. But whilst on Board he wore a Livery, and passed for his own Footman. The Footman then was Master.

They no sooner landed, than they changed their Characters, and so my Lord appeared himself again.

Young *Taylor* and his Lordship grew very intimate upon the Road together, and Master *Jacky*,  
H 2 by



by Degrees began to unbutton all his Business to my Lord, who started at the Doctor's Villainy.

And what do you mean to do in this Affair, says my Lord; will you really carry on the Cheat?

No not for the World, says *Taylor*; I'd sooner die than act so vile a Part. My Mother, I am sure is living, and she shall know the whole Contrivance. I hate my Father's Principles, and, to do him Justice, so he indeed does: he inherits nothing from his Father, but in his Profession, where he shares an ample Portion of his highest Skill. When such useful Merit is built upon an honest Bottom, the Possessor may be truly called, a public Good.

But my Lord and *Jack* are now set out again. My Lord enquires about the Widow, and finds she is his own Relation. His Blood begins to kindle; for it seems he loved her a little more than Cousins do. He is angry now in Earnest.

If your Mother, Boy, be living—but leave the Thing to me. I'll spoil his Sport for him. Come, put on with Speed, Man. Damn me, I'll be with him, a Rascal to attempt my Kinswoman. My Business is a Jaunt of Pleasure. I hope the Widow will not be so mad. She'll wait till your Return, won't she?

O yes, my Lord, I believe she will; though she seems impatient too.

Push on, push on, young Spark, this Business must be minded. Oh the silly Slut! to harbour such a Rascal. I know the Coxcomb well enough. I helped him out of Jail at *Turin*. Come, whip away, my Lad. Can you find your Mother's Lodgings?

Yes,

Yes, yes, my Lord, I know it well enough; she has lived there these seven Years. I'd find the Spot at Midnight. My Father is indeed a —

Rascal, says my Lord. But I shall trim his Whiskers for him.

They soon alight at *Paris*. My Lord invites the Lad to his Hotel, and in the Morning packs him to his Mother, whom he found as fat and as fair as ever. He lays the Plot before her. She advised him to proceed, as if she really was not living.

But says she, I'll have him hanged at *Norwich*. *Jack*, do you go on, and call on *Harrison*. I shall make some shift I warrant you. *Jack*; what a Rogue your Father is! But go to *Harrison*; get every thing from him you want. Was there ever such a Villain? What Lord is this you talk of?

A very worthy one, says *Jack*. I must go back and dine with him.

*Jack* got all Things ready, and waited on my Lord to Dinner. He produced his Credentials under the Signet of Mr. *Harrison*.

His Lordship laughed outrageously, and ordered *Jack* to rest himself a Day or two, and then set out for *Calais*. But bring your Mother here Tomorrow.

Accordingly she came and dined with his Lordship. And after some Discourse in private, *Jack* was ordered to set out the next Morning for *England*.

But, says my Lord, my Letter will be there before you. I have written to the Widow. Your Mother knows my Project. I have spoiled his Market. However, *Jack*, do you say nothing, and give the Rascal your Certificates. Your Mother

ther too has wrote to *Norwich*. Keep you the Matter close and I shall thank you for it.

*Jack* drives Jehu-like to *Calais*, and soon after arrives at *Dover*. From thence he posted to the Widow's.

The Doctor clasped him in his Arms, and cries out, is she then in Heaven, *Jack*?

*Jack* produced his Papers.

The Doctor leaps for Joy. And cries out, *Nicholas Cottier*, by the Lord, the Baggage is defunct, the Coast is clear, dead, dead as *Cleopatra*! Oh, you shall have your House and Stables. *Jacky*, you shall have the Hounds and Horses. Read it, *Nicholas Cottier*. The Widow is my own. The charming Widow, all in White. What think you now of Dreams? *Oxford* may go fiddle. I give Misfortunes to the Winds. The Saints take care of *Taylor*, and the Angels stoop to meet him. But, *Nicholas*, the Widow now is near a Crisis. Her Change is on the Threshold. Let us fly to tell her. Come, *Jacky*, you shall have her Blessing, Sirrah; a happy Day for you, you Rogue you. But let us make her lift her Head again. She'll grow taller, *Nicholas*, and thicker too, I hope.

But here she comes, the Goddess of Desire, the Loadstone.

O my charming Chick! Read; read here's your holy Writ, your Scripture-proof, my Dove, four Months beneath the sacred Turf. And could you doubt my Honour, distrust your Chevalier, thou beauteous Infidel? But I shall finish your Conversion. The Hands of all the Clergy, the Undertaker too, the King himself shall sign it. Are you now convinced, my Chick? What Fiends are those at *Norwich*, that envied you, my Dear? But let them all be curst. Now, shall we name the Day, my Chicken? To-night, To-morrow,

or

or on *Friday*? What say you, *Nicholas Cottier*? *Friday* is a very lucky Day. I got this Cross on *Friday*. On *Friday* I escaped the Inquisition. On *Friday* I first beheld this Charmer. On *Friday* I shall make her mine for ever.

The Widow blushed, and courtesy'd, and said nothing. The Doctor caught the Omen, and cried out, Silence gives Consent. *Nicholas Cottier* gives a loud Huzza. And Master *Jacky* looks a little silly. Not a Word about a Letter from my Lord. He did not like the Thing at all, and was resolved to squeeek. He waits however till To-morrow, hoping something might come out. But to-morrow was as dumb as Yesterday.

*Jacky* could not rest. He takes his Horse, and steals away to *Norwich*; where his Father's Uncle was then upon a Visit to his Brother, the very Man who lives this Day at *Hoxton*. Young *Taylor* tells his Story.

The good old Gentleman was struck with Horror. What says he, and his Wife alive? She is his Wife, I'll swear it. I gave her from my Hand in Marriage. And what is more, I paid for the Wedding-Supper too. Oh, my graceless Nephew! Is *Friday* then the Day? I'll save the Lady from his wicked Snare, and your Father from the Gallows; yes, I'll forbid the Banns, never fear it, Boy. Do you go back again, my Boy. I like your Honesty, say nothing. On *Friday* Morning I shall meet you at the *Red Hart*. You know the Inn, don't you?

Yes, Sir, very well, says *Jacky*.

So back he went, with his Mind much easier. Mean while the Chevalier and Widow are upon the Top of *Pisgah*, ready to leap into the promised Land. *Nicholas Cottier* hopes for House and

Stables, and Master *Jacky* eats his Bread and Butter.

Reader, this is *Thursday* Evening. And, as sure as Fate, To-morrow will be *Friday*. To-night the Widow dreams indeed. Her Dreams, God knows what, imperfect Prologues of the Scene at Hand.

The Doctor was up before the Sun. A thousand fairy Visions are dancing in his View. He grasps at Phantoms of Delight. He owns there is a Providence. He feels that Truth within him, Gratitude and Faith. He triumphs in his Suffering. The Inquisition and its Horrors serve but to heighten every Joy. He ruminates on the Raptures of the approaching Hour, and all his past Misfortunes are forgot. *Oxford* is annihilated. His Cross, that Urim of his Fate, looks brighter than the Widow's Eyes. The Diamond on his Finger was indeed a little clouded. It was the Marriage Finger too ; which untimely Omen gave the Doctor Pause. He rubbed his Eyes, he sneezed, he looked again, and still the Cloud continued ; he rubs it with his Linen on the left Side near his Heart, but rubbing made it worse ; he then returns it to its Station on his Finger, and thought no more about it.

But in that very Moment up comes *Nicholas Cottier*. His Countenance was like the Moon in a misty Evening ; it looked a little muddy, as thro' unquiet Rest ; for *Nicholas* had his Dream.

Heaven grant that all may speed, quoth *Nicholas*, my Dreams last Night. But Dreams, I hope, are nothing, excepting your own about the Widow. Mine, I'll swear's a sad one.

The Doctor stares, and seems a little touched. And *Nicholas* proceeds to tell his Dream.

I thought, says *Nicholas*, that my House and Stables were again my own; that the Widow and yourself were both to dine with me, and that *Rachel* was come home. I thought the Floors were covered all with Rushes, and Flowers were growing in the Chimneys. Oh! how I rejoiced to meet with *Rachel*; I took her in my Arms, I thought, and threw her on the Rushes, just to try if they were soft or not. But in that very Instant I thought a Whirl-wind carried off the Roof of the House, and all the Rushes, and the Roses; but still that *Rachel* was between me and the Floor, I felt it very cold; and when I waked, instead of *Rachel*, what should be under me but a tawdry dressed-up wooden Doll, which the Maids had put to Bed to me, for you remember I was pretty tipsy. By the Lord, I believe, it bodes no Good; my Spirits are as low as stooped small Beer.

Pshaw, say you, quoth the Doctor, your Dream is made of Porridge. Your *Rachel* and your Rushes. — Is the Widow stirring? tell me that, and let your Dream go fiddle. What's the lucky Hour, *Nicholas Cottier*? Twelve o'Clock, I believe, for then the Sun is at the highest. An Emblem of my present happy Fortune. We'll be married, *Nick*, at twelve, and in the Church too, in the Face of all the World. Who dare forbid the Banns? *Nicholas*, you must give the Widow, and do the Thing with Dignity. But come, we'll in and rouse her up. What do you hang your Head for?

God send, says *Nicholas*, I may have my House and Stables. This ugly Dream torments me. I cannot rub it from my Thoughts; it sticks like Bird-lime. That plaguy wooden Doll, instead of *Rachel*, looks I don't know — But let us rouse the Widow. I'll give her like an Alderman. — I'll act my Part, I'll warrant you.

So in they went, and sat them down to Breakfast. The Widow was as brisk as ever. Her Dreams were not like *Nicholas Cottier's*. Nothing now but Rant and Rapture passed between the Doctor and the Widow. But *Nicholas* looked as dull as ever. Mr. *Jacky* too was missing.

And now the Sun is hastening up the Hill. His Coach has reached eleven, and the Widow's too is getting ready ; for the Church was about a Mile distant from her House. The Parson and the License are waiting at her Elbow, and the Hour of Noon is coming very fast. The Parson looks upon his Watch, and the Doctor took the Hint immediately. He seized the Widow by the Hand, and led her to the Coach, which stood waiting at the Gate ; the Parson followed, and so did *Nicholas Cottier*. These four were in the Coach. The Servants brought up the Rear on Foot, by way of Witnesses. And so they marched forwards to the Holy Place. The Clerk was there in waiting.

They are now arrived, and Service soon begins. The Parson took the shortest Cuts, and travelled through the Prayers with all Expedition.

About the Middle of the Service a Footman in a white Livery, turned up with red, came into the Church, sat down awhile, and looked about him, and then went out again.

*Nicholas Cottier* wondered at the Thing, and guessed some Strangers were coming to the Wedding. Nor did he guess amiss.

The Blessing is pronounced, and now the Chevalier reviews again his Cross and Diamond Ring. Appearances are not propitious. But what can now obstruct him. He eyes the Widow, and neglects his Oracles.

And



And now the important Groupe is formed. There stands the Bride and Bridegroom, here the Priest and *Nicholas Cottier*. The mystic Rights begin ; the Parson has advanced ; and *Nicholas* takes the Widow by the Hand ; and, with a parental Air, gives it joyful to the Doctor. When in that very instant, that awful Instant, enter two Gentlemen in Riding-Habits, and with them enters Master *Jacky*.

Hold your sacrilegious Hand, you Dog, says one of them, and seized on *Nicholas Cottier* ; and you, you Villain, *Taylor*. Ah, you cheated Woman ! I forbid the Banns. Parson, close your Book. Here, call a Constable.

Now, Reader, or rather let me call on Mr. *Hogarth* ; or, if there be a better Painter, let me call on him ; what is *Joseph's* Discovery compared to this ? There stands a Groupe ; observe the different Faces.

We shall not now explain it further, than that the Widow knew my Lord, her Cousin, Mr. *Jacky's* Fellow-Traveller ; and the Doctor knew his Son. Language was vanished from the Parties most concerned, except what staring Eyes and gaping Mouths afforded. This was the Widow's Case ; she was struck dumb. The Doctor stared as bad ; and so did *Nicholas Cottier*. The Parson only could articulate : And he, after pausing too a while, demands, for Heaven's Sake, what was the Matter.

Matter, Villain ! Cease your Office. This Rascal *Taylor* has a Wife now living.

Who, I a Wife ? replied the Doctor. I have no Wife as yet. A Minute more had given me one. But, Blood and Death, Sir, who are you ?  
My



My former Wife is dead at *Paris*, dead a Year ago. How dare you, Ruffian, interrupt this holy Business ?

But the Widow cried, it is my Lord, my Kinsman. There's something sure in this. For Heaven's Sake, my Lord, what is the Matter ?

I'll tell you, Madam, says my Lord. And so he blew a Whistle. When, strange to say, who should march up the Isle, in perfect Flesh and Blood, in ample Plight and fair Condition, but the Doctor's antient Consort, Mrs. *Martha Taylor*, and with her marched his Uncle, who dwells this Day at *Hoxton*. Now, Madam, says my Lord, that's the Matter. There's his lawful Wife before you ; and there's his honest Uncle, who gave her to him in Marriage. Now, Traitor, look on her.

The Doctor stares like *Hamlet*. The Widow drops into his Lordship's Arms. The Doctor rushes to the Door, and bids ten thousand Curses blast them all. *Nicholas Cottier* still upon the Ground. The Doctor leaped upon the Footman's Horse, and drove away like Hell. No matter where ?

The Lady's Fit engrossed the Attention of the Company, and gave him Opportunity to make off.

Oh, sudden Change of Fortune ! But we have not Time to moralize at present. The Reader, of his own Accord, may pursue the Bridegroom without his Boots, or Whip, or Spur, riding away for Life. The Halter, not the Wedding-Ring, was now his Cue.

The Widow is returned to Sense. My Lord applies his Smelling-Bottle ; and indeed her Case was piteous ; it would draw Tears from any honest Heart. *Nicholas Cottier* wept with Sorrow, and forgot his House and Stables ; for the Widow  
pierced

pierced him through and through with such a trifling Look, and Mrs. *Taylor* scanned him with a suspicious Brow. The Parson looked like one that lost his Purse, and groped about for Explanation. Master *Jacky* — But the Painter will express the whole.

My Lord and his Friend led away the Widow to her Coach. Her Wedding was almost a Funeral. She looked like one expiring. Mrs. *Taylor* and her Friends were carried back to the *Red-Hart-Inn*, from whence they came, in my Lord's Carriage. My Lord and his Friend waited on the Widow in her Coach; and *Nicholas Cottier* followed on at a Distance, footing slowly, which gave him Leisure to let loose his Sorrows, for *Nicholas* fretted with a Vengeance. The Coaches still were gaining Ground of him. The Church stood in the old Place; for thrice he cast his Eyes behind him. My Dream also has beat the Doctor's. That wooden Doll instead of *Rachel*; the Footman's Horse, and not the Widow. We both have mounted wrong. Oh, such a Pair of Jockeys. The Race is lost for ever. Where are now the House and Stables? This Mrs. *Taylor* hates me too; but the Widow knows I'm honest. My Dream was not made of Porridge. I wish I was at *Canterbury*. I don't know where to turn me. Then, leaning on his Staff, he muttered to himself, the Lord knows what, and cursed the Day he turned Apothecary. *Rachel* too came into his Mind, and every thing that vexed him. He looked once more towards the Church, and said, his Dream had got the better. A woeful Victory, quoth *Nicholas*. If this be Dreaming, let me sleep no more. I never shall see my House and Stables. I wish I had never known you, Doctor *Taylor*. But what should

should bring that Lord from *Paris*. As sure as Death he loves the widow. I'll hold my Life, he stands the fairest Chance. Oh, *Rachel* ! where are you To-night ? My Curse upon you, Doctor *Taylor*.

He stooped again upon his Staff, and mused in Secret ; when Master *Jacky*, with a Slap on the Back, roused him from his sad Soliloquy. *Nicholas Cottier*, thou art an honest Man. My Mother and the Widow love you. My Lord will be your Friend.

This waked him from his Reverie. He jumps for Joy ; and away he trudges, with Master *Jacky*, to the *Red-Hart-Inn* ; where Mrs. *Taylor* and the Company made him welcome.

In these warm Quarters shall we take our Leave of honest *Nicholas Cottier*, and his Friends : And, out of meer Compassion, turn about in quest of the Chevalier.

The Reader must forgive a necessary Blank in this our Story. That is, we can say nothing of the Doctor's History from the Time that he took Horse at the Church Door, till he arrived at the *Welsh-Harp-Inn* on *Chester* Road ; for there he came at last. He came, it is true, without his Horse. Through some Accident, or Mistake, or other, the Steed was left behind, and the Doctor, at this Time, alighted from a return Post-Chaise.

The Reader may guess how Matters went in the Chevalier's Mind, during the Interval abovementioned. But he is now at the *Welsh Harp*, like a Weather-beaten Ship in Harbour, with Tackle torn, and Steerage out of order. He calls for Supper, and asked what Guests were then in the House.

He was told, there was but one Gentleman, who would be very glad to join Company with him.

To

To which Proposal the Doctor readily agreed. When presently, to his great Surprize, who should enter the Room, with much Address and Formality, but his ancient and approved Friend, the worthy Mr. *Richard Eagle*. Never was a Tragedy Part so well performed upon *Covent-Garden Stage*, or *Drury*, as this that now was acted at the *Welch-Harp-Inn*, between those much alarmed and most illustrious Heroes. A Pair of Characters indeed ! *Dick Eagle* was the most in the Dumps. He bowed the oftenest, with his Hand upon his Breast, and his Eyes cast downwards ; a Kind of conscious Cringe, a silent half Confession of something not so fair as might be, that had passed between 'em. Perhaps the roasted Mutton, Spit and all, with which he regaled the Chevalier at *Dublin*, was then served up by Memory to his Apprehension.

But the Doctor cries out, What, again, my early evil Genius and my last, what Fate has flung us thus together ? But *Richard Eagle*, I'm a Wretch indeed.

Hear me, dear Sir, says *Dick*, I thank you for the Hint. Command my Life, my Fortune, my Sword, my Purse, my Pencil, and my other Province too. There's a couple of Pullets in this Family, I fancy they are Game. But, to your Story, Sir, I long to be your Friend once more.

The Doctor, like the *Trojan Wanderer*, with a melancholy Heart, relates to Mr. *Richard Eagle* the whole unfortunate Affair. The Widow's Story ; a dismal Episode indeed ! The sympathizing *Dicky* echoed Groan for Groan. A sorrowful Duet it was, no doubt. But Supper and the Landlady's handsome Daughter, which both came in together, put an end to the triffling Tale.

They

They sup and chat. The Doctor felt his Vigour come about again. His Mind, though crowded with his late Misfortune, had yet some little Room for Gallantry.

*Dick* and he compare their Notes. A Plan is settled. *Dick* was on his Road to *Chester*; and the Doctor's Needle pointed to no certain Coast. He was a Citizen of the World at large.

Take Notice, Reader, this was a very critical Point of Time indeed. The Pretender was then at *Preston*. And Mr. *Eagle* had formed a Design, if possible, to come at his Picture; not through any disaffected Motive, but merely to get a little Money; for the political and religious Creeds of Mr. *Richard Eagle* would do as well in *Turkey*, *China*, or *Portugal*, as in *England*. No, the Positive, as *Dicky* calls it, was the Point in view.

And, says he, Sir, if I could get but *Jenny Cameron's* too; the Thing might bring a Thousand.

*Jenny Cameron!* quoth the Doctor. What, is not she the Pretender's Mistress?

The same, quoth *Dicky*.

At that the Doctor gave a Spring and danced about the Room. His Cause is blasted; the Pretender is undone, cries out the Doctor. A Patriot Spirit stirs within me. I have long employed my best of Faculties against both Pope and Popery.—Here's a Stroke indeed! Cuckold the Pretender, and make a Convert of his Mistress; then all the Plot comes out. The Government may perhaps consider me. Give me thy Hand, my Friend.

Take it, and my Heart too, says *Dicky*. And will you venture on this Bottom? Here are the Sorrels, Sir; you see here's the Positive, says *Richard*, taking from his Waistcoat Pocket a whole Handful of Guineas.

The

The Chevalier approved the Omen. And in the Morning they both set out for *Chester*. *Dick Eagle* was obliged to call upon a certain Nobleman in that Neighbourhood. So away they jogged together.

The Chevalier had *Jenny Cameron* in his Eye, and *Dick* the Pictures.

They arrive at *Chester*, remain a Day or two, and then proceed to *Preston*. But on the Road they heard that the Rebel Army was then at *Manchester*. So they changed their Course, and made for that City.

*Dick Eagle* had procured a Pass from the Nobleman abovementioned, who lived within a Dozen Miles of *Chester*. They found it useful in their Journey.

As the Chevalier approached the Town, something like inspiration was kindled in his Eyes. I shall live the Champion of the Cause, or die a Martyr for my Country. This Enterprize is worthy of my Spirit. Oh, *Richard Eagle*, like another *Hannibal*, your Friend is sworn the Enemy of *Rome*, if I can convert her. I feel my Arguments are strong. My Cross and Diamonds look propitious.

*Dicky* answered, Why not give his Picture? 'twill serve him in his Cause. If the Man is handsome, I believe I may come at him; as to his Cause, What say you, Doctor?

Yes, I'll be revenged, quoth the Doctor, for Inquisition now, and all; revenged for *Portugal*, for *Spain*, and *France*. Oh, thou trusty Champion of the *Protestant* Church, stand by me now or never. What's your paltry Picture, *Richard Eagle*, your thousand Guineas to a Stroke like mine?

Guineas, Sir, quoth *Dick*, are useful. They bribe an Evidence or bring a Wench.

Damn

Damn your *Irish* Evidence and Wench, replies the Doctor, the Revolution is concerned in my Attempt. The Cause of Nations hangs upon my Weapon. But Oh, this cursed Widow! Now *Dick Eagle*, the Town's at Hand. There is a rising in Favour of my Scheme. Things I believe will prosper. What think you, *Dick*, of this? They say she's lusty. But, *Risbard*, she must burn her Beads. I'll teach her to keep Account without their Help.



*End of the SECOND VOLUME.*









